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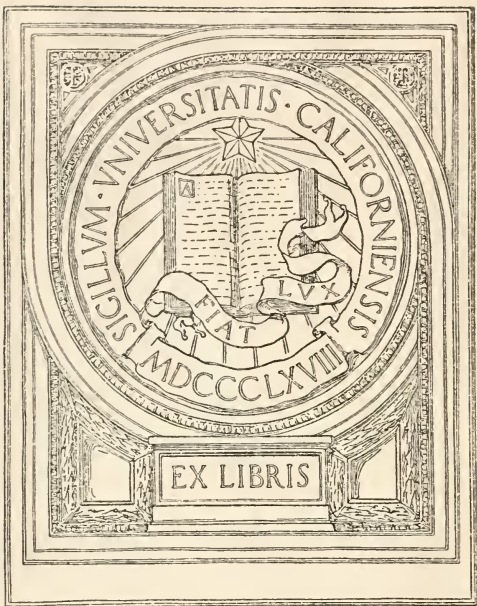


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POEMS OF
NEW ENGLAND







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POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND

AND OF

OUR COUNTRY

BY

JEFFREY W. POTTER

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PREFACE.

The author would most respectfully say, that after mature consideration and with a degree of reluctance, he has consented to present to the readers and lovers of poetry a few verses and sentiments he has long cherished as essential to good citizenship, and which he hopes may be found worthy the attention of readers of this volume.



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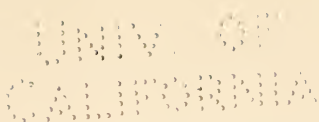
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POEMS OF NEW ENGLAND AND OF OUR COUNTRY.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

RHODE ISLAND'S founder, O how great
Was his good soul for man in thralls !
A million shafts to cloud-land raised,
A million songs to give him praise,
Could never tell the story all.
'T was midnight, and the soul was chained
By royal mandate stern and long ;
But Freedom and great God proclaimed
Such was a universal wrong.
He brought no bow nor saber sheathed
As his protector with wild men ;
But all alone while winter breathed,
He landed with his boat and pen.

The new world's continent from dreams
Was waking to the rosy morn ;
But angry clouds were thickening fast
Like harvest skies before the blast,—
And was it night or really dawn ?
The sorrows of the old world homes
Had blighted all the minds with fear,
Until an exiled life becomes
A paradise in forests drear ;

No cannon frowned, no fortress gate,
No friend but God upon the shore,
The mighty Williams dared his fate
To savage hands, with pen and oar.

Nature's wild children loved to see
The peace-clad harbinger appear ;
For instinct taught their hearts that day
To show great mercy, and obey
The teaching of a spirit dear ;
They knew not him, but God was there
To shield, protect, and guide the hour ;
For 't was a germ 'neath heaven's high care,
Which should give beauty, grace, and power.
No conquering arms attend the scene,
No banners wave from shore or cliff ;
But mightier forces lay serene
In him who brought the pen and skiff.

ROGER WILLIAMS VISITING CANONICUS.

THE winter winds had crisped the leaf
And buried all the fields in storm,
While in the wigwam sat the chief
In peace, at home, contented, warm,
While proud New England's noblest boy
Was without shelter, food, employ.

The monarch turned his eyes and saw
A pale face on his forest lawn ;

No bow nor implement of war
Was in hand, so young and strong ;
But peace was on that gentle face
And bosom warm for human race.

That royal hand of manly deeds
Soon took the stranger's, cold as snow,
And gave to him the many needs
That life requires in days of woe,
And sheltered him from storms and strife
And for a nation saved his life.

But when the new year's spring was born,
And sunny winds refreshed the hills,
He set forth with a purpose strong,
With everlasting truths to fill,
And planned the building of our state
And guarded round its infant fate.

THE NARRAGANSETT BAY.

THOU deep blue waves of classic worth,
When centuries roll their many rounds,
For tales told when the nation's birth
Was giving life, for here the hearth
Where mighty deed was born with honor crowned.

The little bay that opens up our state
To pleasant shores, and islands fair,
Bares to their honor certain fates,

Which makes our land happy and great
And has among our victories full its share.

These waves that steal from ocean wide
And ripple round those rock-based isles,
Once bore the man whose bark did glide
For refuge o'er its gentle tide
From men more dangerous than the Indians wild.

He moored beside a grove-bound coast,
All silent there in winter's wood ;
No one to welcome but a host
Of savage men, and he almost
Famished for want of shelter and of food.

With that big heart from whence we've drawn
The inspirations which have spread
The nation o'er, that man is born
With freedom. Then let conscience form
The right of way that he to God be led.

A century later did that awful fleet
Frown with such vengeance on thy waves,
That freedom ever more must greet
For our good allies made complete
That victory which sunk our tyranny in graves.

Green islands fair, deep harbors blue,
Where once great ships of battle lay
Where once a heart with purpose true
Rowed through the storm for me and you,
That made immortal Narragansett Bay.

Yes, Narragansett Bay ! Its name
Must live forever, and how bright
It lives in history and fame,
Where Roger Williams seeking came.
And lo, a city, where he moored that night.

That mighty heart so full and warm—
I must repeat his deeds of zeal ;
A Nation's honor rests thereon,
Our Christian joys to him belong,
A world it teaches and a world will feel.

MASSASOIT VISITING THE PLYMOUTH COLONY.

WHEN this old Indian king, so good,
Had heard within his neighborhood,
Some men had come from sea,
With gracious heart, with mind elate,
He hastened on to see what fate
For him and them might be.

'T was winter both in skies and field,
And deep the frozen drift concealed
The paths his woodland o'er ;
But heart of good to lend a hand
To those upon the ocean strand,
He hastened to the shore.

He saw beneath the naked limb
The moose which noticed not its king ;
The deer slow bounded on ;
The rugged bear with voice so loud
Of winter's snowbanks felt as proud
As would the summer's storm.

The bearskin round his shoulders spread,
The eagle wing adorned his head ;
His feet in fur were warm ;
His belt was wide, 't was of the deer,
His right hand bore his battle spear,
His tomahawk undrawn.

So came the king, his lordly look
To every trusting pilgrim took
The sense of no mean soul.
With broken accent and with sign
His personage he did divine,
Also the shores control.

He proffered friendship, and the grace
Within the pilgrim heart found place
Sweeter to them than gold ;
His royal blessing bore them up
Till springtime brought the buttercup,
And hillside flowers unfold.

Old Massasoit's bow that night
Was to those seaworn men delight ;
His memory must be well,

For without his endearing hand,
His wish to live upon the strand,
What sorrows might befell.

Who would to-day the journey make
A life would he for ransom take,
With half the prey in sight ;
But Massasoit, lost to fear,
Defied the winter moose and deer
With that stern heart of might.

The waves dashed on the Plymouth shore,
In breezes cold the echo bore
To him in woodland vale,
He knew before the sunset's gold
Was for the dying day unrolled
His journey's end would hail.

His eager eye from hilltop far
Soon caught the anchored ship and spar,
Appeared a thing of life ;
And then the fathers of our praise
Together caught his awful gaze
In more than mortal strife.

Wearied and sick and cold and sad,
They saw the savage and were glad ;
For strength and hope were low.
They knew his mien and step were well,
For instinct many times will tell
Who is our friend or foe.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY HAZARD,
DIED AUGUST 4, 1894.

SOUTH Kingston bows before Jehovah's will,
To thank his name which gave the mighty soul
Who threescore years with more than mortal skill
Has lived to save and destinies control.

We take the reed to fathom or survey
The seas or empire of his usefulness,
But all is lost, like mist before the day,
And generations stop only to bless.

Our oldest men whose locks are wintered o'er,
Speak of his worth in those glad morning hours
When they were boys. For then those deeds in
store
Began to deck his path like new-blown flowers.

And all along his glorious march of life,
We hear his worth. As pearls upon the sand
When new-born waves roll in from ocean strife,
So every household has his memories grand.

His years go down into the lap of praise,
Volumes will fail his mercies to record;
The poor man home, the harvest of his days
Will from his Maker get the sweet reward.

JUDGE ELISHA R. POTTER.

RHODE Island's sincere heart now bleeds
To part with him so rich in deeds
To those deserving grace.
May his high post be filled as must
By one whom we shall learn to trust,
For great indeed the place !

We've seen the sympathetic tear
Well out towards one young in years,
Who had much evil done.
The mother's heart was in the case,
And always mothers have a place
Towards the wayward son.

Our dear old Judge's heart did yield,
With all the powers of state to wield,
In the behalf of tears.
Reason and right and law and power
Were his to weigh upon the hour ;
But reason was more dear.

A hundred stories from the heart
Might some within the state impart,
Where mercy's hand was seen.
He graced his ermine and his trust,
As only God's great servants must,
In moments so supreme.

THE SOUTH KINGSTOWN SOLDIER.

SOLDIERS, we have a country new,
Well stored with patriotism true
From age to age.
But see its noblest deed in you,
In battle's rage.

How could our country e'er have been
A land of liberty for men,
Unless you'd fought!
The sword must come before the pen
When truth is naught.

These battlements of peace and law
Are but the fruits of cruel war,
Where sires and sons
Have died on battle-fields afar,
And victory won.

No backgrounds then brave men for you,
No shadows lengthening in the view,
But all is morn.
Not half the praise your rightful due
To hearts is born.

To count the agonies yet past,
Or try to tell of dangers vast,
Is out of power.
A day would build a history vast
And even hours.

Stop all! Reflect their work was great,
Their lives stood ransom for the state,
And won the day.
Hold nothing back, for truth is weight
And brave were they.

THE BURIAL OF A REVOLUTIONARY
SOLDIER AT ANNIE BOO CASTLE.

WAY down in local history
There bubbles up a strain
That children of old neighbors
Have heard over again.

It was the solemn burial
Of one both old and gray,
Who thrice fought for his country,
And three times won the day.

For when the last great enemy
Was marshaled on the plain,
His hosts of manhood and of strength
Did fall among the slain.

And fast the sorry note of death
Had spread o'er fields and hill,
That Uncle Joe, so brave in strife,
A soldier grave will fill.

The glories of his victories
Were not so bright as now ;
Yet laurels for his destiny
Were placed upon his brow.

For time's great hand, with thankful heart,
Will see that all is well,
And generations yet will rise,
Their stories long to tell.

The old, old neighbors of his time
Could not appreciate
So well of Uncle Joseph's worth
As fifty years more late.

But all his neighbors, high and low,
Made it a holiday,
Their loyal sympathy to show
Towards their soldier gray.

It was when fields and hillsides
Were burnished with the gold
Of autumn's many tints and shades
Which plain and wood enfold ;

For laurel leaves and golden-rod,
And wild rose withered stem,
Were nodding on uncultured ground,—
The summer's sweetest gem.

No banner but the tall green pine,
No music but the leaves

Rustling upon the dying hills,—
The winter's worthless sheaves.

No martial note, but wail of wood,
Attended on the scene ;
No banner wave nor plume to grace
The moments so supreme.

And soon the good old soldier
Was buried in the ground,
And how many tried to sketch
His life with honor crowned,

And to begin to measure up,
Or fathom out his worth,
Was all beyond their outstretched hand,
As stars above the earth.

But yet his glory was as bright
And brilliant as to-day ;
Ages will rise and ages fall,
And yet they cannot say

What worth the old gray soldier
Did ransom from the field
For them and us and all to have,
And never give nor yield.

His valor made a continent
More stout than half the world,
The banner which he bore in war
By traitor is not furled.

The victories of those old days gone
Were fought by heroes true,
Men like the rock that girds the hill,
Men firm as oak trees grew.

Old Uncle Joe was at the base,
The bed-rock was his plan
On which a nation's lasting pride
And freedom long should stand.

Yes, Uncle Joe helped build all this.
With ready hands of war,
He brought the eagle from the wood,
From heaven he took the star,

And hung it on his conquering flag,
A day beam, and the night
The spirit of old Uncle Joe
Was warrior's crowned with might.

MY BIRTHPLACE SCENERY.

AROUND this quiet home of mine
Is one huge beauty seen ;
In all the workmanship divine
This is the one supreme,—
It is the ocean, and its shore
Whose awful thunders round the world doth roar.

Oft have I looked upon the deep,
 So mighty and so grand,
With pity ; for it could not sleep
 Nor rest from its command ;
For every breeze that passed it o'er
Caused some green wave to roll a little more.

The northward hills so sterile rise,
 In deep repose so grand,
The western wood seem touch the skies,
 In voiceless silence stand,
Hail ! happy fields, thy breath is pure,
And ever firm while day and night endure.

The vales, the hills, the forests, too.
 The rich green meadows all,
Are ever dear as oft I view
 Their pleasures never small ;
In boyhood days from now till then
I've seen them yield their harvest o'er again.

So round my home has Nature's hand
 Thrown out her choicest scenes ;
Her lakes and prairies, too, are grand,
 Her mountains are supreme ;
But give me my own billowy sea
Whose voice will roll to all eternity.

SEAWEEDING AT ROCKY POINT.

'T WAS midnight and the boist'rous seas
Were rolling to the shore,
And winter's might had tinged the breeze
As scarce had done before.

The bar soon was with breakers white,
And all the beach a-foam,
All hands were wearied for the night
And many sighed for home.

By chance I saw ride o'er the wave
A large white gull at ease,
Which noticed not the ocean rave,
Nor winter's icy breeze.

The tide that roared a tempest nigh,
The winds cold as could be,
The little gull seemed to defy—
The raging of the sea.

As if an anchor held him there—
He rides the seas with ease;
What but the bird such dangers dare
Upon those dreadful seas?

We know it was a customed spot
For gulls to find retreat,
But that cold winter's night a lot
Most hard for life to keep.

But in his cradle all the night
He rocked the hours away,
Regardless of the billows might
And dashing of the spray.

But oft I watched the little bird
With thoughts of deep concern,
Why he should go without a word
And risk his place so stern?

Was he the watchman for the reef?
Was that his post to sleep?
Was ocean wrath to him no grief,
Whose vigil must he keep?

When Nature formed the shores so vast,
Did she his life ordain
To spend it in the surf and blast,
And perils of the main?

The mountains are the eagles' home,
The wood the owls retreat,
Was ocean for the gull to roam
And sport upon the deep?

Was he her lightship for the coast,
When storms the sea enrage,
To guide some wandering mortal host
Safely in every age?

The moon began to silver o'er
The post where he had sway,

But billows kept continual roar,
Yet rode the gull as gay.

We left him with conclusion full
That such was his delight,
Old ocean's breakers for the gull,
Both daytime and the night.

The freezing foam his couch of sleep,
The billow's wrath his glee,
Brave as the thunder of the deep,
And as the wave, as free.

But little bird you rested well,
It must have been delight
To ride those foam-clad ocean swells
Through that cold winter's night.

But none can counsel you, dear bird,
Though all can know you're brave,
And who but you without a word
Would slept upon the wave?

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

WHEN royal thunder broke on Newport coast,
One hundred years ago, the mighty host
Of naval warships ploughed the main. And fray
Began. But storm was mightier, and the day
Was lost. But England felt it more—because
Her grip was stronger; and her prestige, laws—

Was proud as Cæsar, when his tenth legion came
Home victorious from every battle plain.
Our fathers saw, and close beside the helm
They lay, lest awful war in turmoil whelm
Their country's cause, and sad dishonor be
Their fate ; in struggling, hoping to be free.
When boom of cannon from that powerful fleet
Began to shake the shores and shut the deep
From mortal visage, Old South Kingstown lay
Abreast the fight, off Narragansett bay.
But valiant sires who were not in the camp,
Armed for defence along the seaward banks,
To stay all ravage, since their aim was sure ;
For deep down in each heart their motive pure,
Right, as defence to save endangered life.
Theirs thrice as pure, for country, home, and wife
Were in the scales. And when their own dear fate
Was sealed, then all the rest. Think not how great,
But if 't was lost in those eventful days,
A Spartan band would only live in praise.
The nation's arms then lay at Green's command,
Where summer waves washed on the Portsmouth's
sands.
And Washington knew that the cloud must burst,
As England was for our good blood athirst.
So urged the father of his struggling land,
With Lafayette and Schuyler to command
The coming strife, augmenting every day,
To bear the plume or take the plume away.
My grandsire saw the hero of the times
Ride by. The sun's last shadows shone

On hilt and buckle. But that towering form
Upon his charger caught the village throng
And long they looked. Till winding paths and night
Closed up the scene of life, the grandest sight
They ever saw. A man whom God had raised
To guide the state, for millions yet to praise.
For then his glory and his worth had filled
The world with awe, and reverence deeply thrilled
All men. For to be wise in every place
Was but an household word, his name a grace.
He knew the right; unfaltering with the trust
He obeyed conscience as a general must.
Too feeble is our pen to tell his deed.
A world cannot. Therefore let us plead
Our inefficient powers; for none can dare
To measure up his heart, and none compare
His work. For none his rivals ever find
So good, so magnanimous to mankind.

My father said he was a little boy,
Was with his grandsire at the smith's employ,
When news had reached that Washington was dead;
My father said his grandsire dropped his head
And wept. The winter's robe of white was laid
Upon the hillside and the plain, but staid
Was every feature of his household dear.
No smile was there, but on each cheek a tear.
All men must think of those illustrious days,
And set apart in life one hour to praise
Great God, for giving us a man whose power
Saved us this land in that eventful hour.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

FOREVER live that blessed name
Of Richard Henry Lee,
Who first in congress moved to make
This a new nation free.

These thirteen colonies were then
At war with motherland,
But Lee purposed that they should be
A nation strong and grand.

This patriot theme soon took a form,
Till every heart grew brave.
For what was use of battle-fields,
What use of soldier's grave,

Unless they fought for some great cause,
More than to drive a foe?
But Richard Henry Lee proposed
A nation, too, should grow.

His theme was sweet to every lip.
True hearts of high decree
Were then preparing soon to speak
And vote the country free.

Aroused was every heart with hope,
Brave were the battle power;
For they desired to fight more hard
For Independence hour.

It was their theme. The soldier stood;
They watched the hall of state.
They knew as well as Richard Lee
That with them was the fate.

The earnest days of calm debate,
The force of word and gun,
To do their share on battle-fields
What congress had begun.

A month rolled on. July the fourth,
That was the final day
For these immortal patriot men
Their bosoms to obey.

Each hand rose up, the bell rang long,
Our nation's birth was given.
No greater mandate could be done,
No grander deed for heaven.

But Richard Henry Lee is first
When Fame her wreath shall shower,
Though simply first and that is all
For this eternal hour.

Long live the great Virginian!
His *name* must ever be
The statesman that revealed the thought
To make our country free.

FRANKLIN AT MATUNUCK.

THE chilly winds had stripped the tree,
Primeval on the rocky hills,
And forest life had lost its glee,
While sleet the skies of winter fills ;

Around the hearth of that old inn
The local blackguards all had met,
To pass the day with joke and grin,
And on their dogs good fighting bet.

When presently the door ajar,
And through it came a rugged form,
A stranger, all supposed, from far,
And wet his coat, with beating storm.

Without regard to friend or foe,
They keep their cowhides dry and warm ;
And how he won his seat you know
Is famous as the world is long.

But yet the story I will tell
Of how he won that day his seat.
“My man do you some oysters sell ?
If so my horse wants some to eat.”

So out the blackguards went with speed
To see the horse eat oyster's shells ;
But no way cared the restive steed
To look at them or even smell.

So quick the landlord and the crowd
Came back and said, "Your horse won't eat."
"Well, then I will," says Franklin, loud;
For by the fire he had his seat.

Oh, could they thought that kingly form
Was Franklin, ever loved and great,
With wisdom to disarm the storm,
And guide a struggling nation's fate!

Oh, could they thought he then did bear
Some mission yet his land to bless!
We think a seat with honest care
Would been provided for his rest.

Yes, could they thought the truest heart
New England ever gave beat there,
A score would at his presence start,
A score would offered him a chair.

COMMODORE PERRY'S OLD HOME.

SOUTH KINGSTOWN love to feel and know
That Perry's name is theirs;
They love to go and look awhile
From all the many cares.

Upon the hills of memory dear,
The old gray homestead, too,

Where Perry from a little boy
To lad's estate did grow.

We stand and round the prospect gaze
On scenes historic now ;
The wreath of fame is on his hills,
As on his sterling brow.

The spring which bubbles by the rock,
The stream so clear and sweet,
A thousand times the commodore
In youthful days did meet.

While on the playgrounds of his youth
We thought of Erie's wave,
Where he those bolts of battle hurled,
Till he the victory saved.

When his warship, the *Lawrence* proud,
Was shattered in the storm,
His youthful valor knew no bounds,
But for the strife was born.

He lowered away 'mid battle's smoke
Through roar of cannons loud,
And climbed upon *Niagara's* deck
Undaunted, brave and proud.

And with a hand almost supreme
He guides the battle's fate,
Till England's old majestic flag
Perceived the foe is great.

There in the red embrace of death
The hero swept away
The fortunes of King George's fleet,
On that September day.

The valor of the commodore
Upon Lake Erie's coast
Has ever been a story brave,
For everyone a boast.

Such deed of war, such triumph won,
Will ever be our joy,
His fame, like these Matunuck hills,
No vandal can destroy.

COLORS OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

FROM whence did these bright colors come?
Where is their birthland given?
Are they on morning's gateway hung
Upon the orient heaven?

The red stripe is the coming hue
Of that immortal day,
When o'er the world the brave and true
By God's decree shall sway.

The blue is for the glorious day
That shocked the world afar,

When these old patriot arms in fray
Brought glory from the war.

The white is that serener rift,
The joy, the purer light,
Which lit the pathway as a gift,
To lead them in the right.

These glorious hues our banner grace,
Are on the morning skies,
The noontide softness has its place,
The evening beauty lies.

Star after star will deck these folds,
As states come into birth,
To shine around this band of old,
Whose thirteen shocked the earth.

Then wave away, flag of the skies,
Graced with divinest hues,
Where'er dost float, oppression dies,
And Freedom reigns more true.

Flag of our land, bright with the stars
That shine in silent night,
Deep with the hues where broke the bars
From whence our joys and might.

Flag of the evening and the morn,
No sweeter rays are given
Than those upon our ensign worn,
The colors of the heaven.

THE WASHINGTON ELM IN BOSTON,
CUT DOWN IN 1875.

BENEATH the broad, majestic boughs
Of this most ancient elm,
Did Washington, with garland brow,
Assume the battle helm.

The beauty of his young, sweet day
Took on his star of power,
While Briton was upon the bay,
Their smoke within the bower.

But what a wondrous change there's been
Since that proud day of old,
When freedom was with valiant men,
Which made them true and bold.

To look back through the misty age,
Since that old tree has stood,
No hand but time can write the page
Of its great neighborhood.

The savage dynasties of old,
Ten thousand stormy gales,
Alas, the cradle did behold
Young Freedom's birth to hail.

Its topmost bough had seen the fleet
When Pilgrim fathers came,

A watch-tower, both for shore and deep,
Tree of remotest fame.

The savage whoop, the horn's sad shrill,
The tomahawk agleam,
Long centuries, over shore and hill,
Have been its common scene.

It heard the cries, that awful night,
When British soldiers red
Did massacre till morning light,
And half the city dead.

It heard the roar of Bunker's gun
Vibrate through leaf and limb,
The signal note of war had come,
To fight with George the king.

It heard the groan when Warren fell,
On that old battle hill;
It saw a city rise to tell
And do his dying will.

The memories of this dear old tree,
Its wonders to be told,
Time chronicles its age; but we
Cannot those truths unfold.

The memories of this tree are great,
'Tis dear to every heart,
Made more so by the nation's fate
First taking there its start.

And then it had a century's strength
To flourish and be proud,
The new world but a span in length,
At sunrise but a cloud.

Compared unto its mighty years
Giant, antique, and gray,
Thy beauty and thy strength and tears
Have all been swept away.

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

THIS grand old name in former days
So bright in war's renown,
But somehow did misfortune say
That he should have no crown.

Somehow did cruel, dreadful wrong
Get master of his sphere,
And cause the old scarred patriot strong
To harm his name so dear.

That name so bright on battle roll
In Independence time,
Should been upon his country's scroll
And freedom's spotless shrine.

But fate with those whom gold deludes
From purposes of right,
Each one an Arnold, sore and nude
Of honor, trust, and might.

And as his days were passing on
In his old English home,
He'd oft recall that deed of wrong
Which cannot be undone.

He said : " Beneath your mighty folds
I've struck full many a blow,
While cannons' thunder round me rolled
And battle rage did flow.

" Your gallant flag hath waved o'er me
On Champlain's autumn shore,
Ticonderoga, too, was free,
When my old battery roared.

" That old blue coat which hangs up there
Was pierced on Quebec's plain ;
I had New England's arms in care,
I led them o'er the slain.

" There on the heights of Abraham
I carried off a scar ;
My carnage there for freedom ran
In that most glorious war.

" But as I sit and muse o'er deeds
So valiant in the past,
Deep sorrows make my bosom bleed,
I live amid the blast.

" May God my broken spirit know,
May some enfathomed sigh
Give mercy, for I'm not a foe,
Though as a traitor die."

NEW ENGLAND VOICES.

WHEN ugly cannon shook the coast
One hundred years ago,
New England like a steel-clad host
Met and defied the foe.

The bugle note at Lexington,
The Concord's battle din
Made every man a Washington
To rise against the king.

That zeal which fired the yoeman heart
Is moulded in the life
Of every son, which sire imparts
That blazed in olden strife.

I cannot scan New England hills
Wrapt with a pensive mood,
But what those time-famed echoes fill
My thankful breast as food.

I cannot look on ocean's breast
But what I see the fleet
Which Louis sent, our grandest guest
That ever crossed the deep.

So good was this old royal lord
That Nature almost speaks,
While millions praise with one accord
The value of his fleet.

Yes, the mystic choir that sing
Way down within the soul,
Sometime their mingled accents ring
Beyond our own control.

And clouds with wavelets' distant chime,
And voiceless gems that smile
A language that is near divine,
But sure to reconcile.

Speak, ocean, from thy mouth so strong,
Speak, hillsides, and speak, flowers,
In one accord of praises long
Be ever heard with ours.

AMERICA.

HOW proud should we feel of our country
When we her broad fields do survey;
It yet must be lord of creation,
Both land and the ocean to sway.

There's one little seed should be planted
Within the great heart of our soul,
'Tis the love and respect for his country
So brilliant with fathers of old.

Go out on the fields where the battle
Was fought for the land we hold dear,

We hear the old names of our fathers
And think of their deeds with a tear.

They chide us ; be faithful and ready
To save the old ship as were they,
For always a spirit is coming
With musket and sabre to slay.

Then let not the voice of our conscience
Be dimmed by the voice of the foe ;
But live for the good of the nation,
The goodness our conscience must know.

OUR REVOLUTIONARY DEAD.

THE many thousands who have fought
Upon our battle-fields of old,
Whose action is with memories fraught,
Whose memories of such actions wrought,
A century past has never told.

These sterling men of nation's worth
Have died, and to the dust have gone ;
Their battles gave their country birth
And revolutionized the earth
For brighter, clearer thoughts to dawn.

These gallant soldiers, sons of Fate,
Immortalized the world around,

First fruitage of the thirteen states
Conceived the thought almost too great
That they a nation's base would found.

But where to-day are known their graves?

Have thoughtless generations lost
The resting spots of Freedom's braves
Whose lives her heritage did save
To them at long and fearful cost?

Are they in those old mossy mounds
That lie on hillside and the dell,
Unmarked, unknown, unsought, uncrowned?
O could we know! How sweet the ground
To cherish, to inscribe, and tell.

Are they from Quebec's wintry plain,
Abreast New England's rugged fields,
To where perpetual summer reigns;
For there the noble heroes slain
Were thick to fall and none to yield.

No mountain in the old thirteen,
No river, stream, nor plain, nor wood,
But what their muskets' flash have seen
Or heard their bugles' distant scream,
Or have some story of the good.

They hung no sabre up to rust
Until their victory was complete.
To conquer, was the cry, and must
Their flag unfurl or trail in dust
Till every foe is neath their feet.

Where shall we place them? on what plane
Shall we exalt their matchless deed?
What monument must bear their name?
What note must sound their lasting fame
To span their glory, where 's the reed?

But if their graves have been forgot,
Their names and deeds are left to praise,
And to forget them we cannot;
Among our great, the proudest spot,
Our loftiest thanks to them we raise.

AN EVENING SCENE.

A WHIP-POOR-WILL with flute of gold
Winged o'er the starlit plain,
And lighted on a moss-bound rock
To sing his evening strain.

The crescent moon was in the west,
Her hue was on the sea,
The fields beneath her shadows rest
In deep sublimity.

But where was man? the question came—
Distinct my senses heard;
The moon was laughing on the plain
And joy was with the bird.

But where was man? had slumber's crook
Led him to dreamland far,
While here were dreams, of real look
Of bird, of moon and star?

Who saw the bird besides myself?
The question may arise;
There are birds enough for you and me,
The moon is in the skies.

But he who looks for downy bed,
When Night asserts her reign,
Cannot enjoy the little bird,
Nor hear his pleasing strain.

A BLUEBIRD SINGING, FEBRUARY
17, 1894.

The night previous temperature was at zero.

THE morn was calm though cold the night,
And all the fields were deep in white;
The wintry chain was strong,
The brook was bound in icy arms,
And every spot had lost its charms
And Nature had no song,

When o'er the wastes of winter's cold
A little bluebird's music rolled,
Which gave the morning cheer.

High on a stake with mantle blue
His lordship sat with heart so true ;
Called not the morning drear.

I looked surprised to hear the song
Warbling above the winter storm,
In that huge hour of death,
When every drop of vernal life
Was chilled beneath the wintry strife,
Of Arctic's awful breath.

Undaunted yet his spring-like lay
Poured out in notes so sweet and gay,
As if his heart were glad,
Until he made the fields of white
Cheer with his thought that all is right,
And why should earth be sad ?

It was the tender note of praise
That's due the Lord in winter days,
As much as in the spring ;
The wonders of his mighty will
In ocean, storm, and voiceless hill
Must make the bluebird sing.

OCEAN'S SHORE.

THOU mighty ocean on whose shore
My life and labor have been spent,
From boyhood's earliest scenes till now,
The same blue bosom to the firmament,
The same deep voices roar.

Thou deep, with passions of such power,
Subject to what men cannot stay,
The storms augment, and then to wrath
Thy boundless strength in all and every fray,
Adds conquests every hour.

Upon thy sandy wave-beat verge,
Upon thy rock-bound, rugged coast
Have ages come and gone. And yet
No metre of thy voice nor might been lost,
Nor poet wrote thy dirge.

These long, green banks are walls to stand
The all-united strength of storm
Of wind and wave cannot remove;
For God so said and here his fingers formed
My boyhood scene so grand.

We say, great heaven, these banks designed
To be the roaring ocean strand,
The mountains burst, the clouds display,
And all is great, but none with me so grand
As these loud shores of mine.

LIBERTY BELL EN ROUTE FOR THE
ATLANTA EXPOSITION, 1895.

THOU grand old bell of destiny,
Of record always great,
Sweet relic of our liberties
When they were born in state.

This grand old bell of freedom,
More dear than gems of gold,
Spoke when we broke our thralldom
With England's George so bold.

Its chimes on Independence hour
Went out upon the breeze,
When fathers had defied the power
Of rulers o'er the seas.

And since that day of history
Has Independence bell
Been sacred as the victory
Of which it rang to tell.

Proud, grand old bell of liberty,
Announced the nation's birth,
The cradle for humanity
For all the men of earth.

It rang to tell the story
Of patriotism's hour.
We feel its truth and glory,
And see its worth and power.

And as it strides the nation,
Ten thousands come to cheer
It, for their veneration,
And grace it with a tear.

Sweet gem of glorious history,
Columbia's heirloom given,

By fathers grand in destiny
Each one should be in heaven.

And in the march of centuries
Sweet bell ring out thy chimes,
To fill mankind with memories
Akin to what 's divine.

SCOTLAND'S IMMORTAL BARDS.

THE muses of the Scottish bards
Have filled the world with worth,
And for their homes we hold regard
As songland of the earth ;
It finds within our busy souls
The sterling worth, if there,
And patriotic thoughts will roll
Of home and hero's carè.

On life's bleak wastes they stood alone
And played their lyres with ease,
Until no spot to them unknown,
No nation but they please ;
There 's not a dell, nor mountain-top,
Nor river, lake, nor stream,
No city, field, no castle, cot,
But what is made serene.

The flow of song has thrilled their land,
The muse with feet of gold

Has made that his immortal strand
From centuries of old ;
He's sung from off the mountain brow,
The world has heard the voice,
The glorious note from then till now
Has been the patriot's choice.

This song-rocked realm of Scotland, hail !
Thou mountain land of fame !
Ever yet bright in glory's mail
And sweet in memory's name.
Thou more enduring than thy hills,
For deeds and names of them,
Whose all sublime and heaven-born skill
Made the writer's diadem.

COLUMBIA IN THE COILS OF A LEVI- ATHAN.

WAY back in years of sixty-one .
When boyhood days were sweet,
I well remember battle news,
And slaughter of the union blues
In victory and defeat.

The theme of those immortal days,
So dark with battle's storm,
The story was on every hand,—
How can the constitution stand
With foes so great and strong !

Then every union patriot soul
Was anxious for its fate ;
For 't was the words that voiced the free,
The bed-rock of our liberty,
A heaven-built helm of state.

But deftly had Columbia stood
Until the serpent's coils
Were squeezing out her very life,
And awful seemed to be the strife,
And deep her struggling toils.

The best from off New England's hills,
The bravest from the West,
Went out upon the fields to fight,
To save her in the glorious right ;
His brazen strength they cleft.

It made the world's big bosom glad
To strike the monster down ;
For in the victory was life,
A new birth given in the strife,
An all enduring crown.

The union strength crushed out his life
And raised the goddess up ;
And long the nation shouted loud
In praise of her for life more proud,
From sorrow's dreadful cup.

WASHINGTON IN 1750.

A TALL proud boy of eighteen years
Surveying near the Georgetown^s heights,
Upon the very ground that yet
The nation's Capitol should set,
Named in his honor with his name,
No romance can compare the same
In all the world.

Scarce forty years had passed away,
When that tall boy of eighteen years
Had fought the grandest victory given
Beneath the tranquil skies of heaven ;
His victory was a country new,
His flag was our red, white, and blue
On hills unfurled.

His victory was all that's great,
All that was rich, that's good and free,
The old thirteen were made as one
By this tall lad, George Washington.
Then after all the war had past,
Labor and trials yet as vast
For him to plan.

But when the siege of long debate
Had raised without decision given,
Then where the Capitol should stand
Was left to his all-mastering hand.

For safely could the state withhold
And take his judgment, for 't was gold
 With every man.

The fields of war, nor men's applause
Had dimmed with him those scenes of old ;
Those high hills of Potomac yet
Were firmly on his vision set ;
And should he mark and bound once more
For they were sweet as days of yore,
 All to admire.

And there this old man gray with war,
Loved charms he saw when but eighteen,
And hence the Capitol now stands
Upon the very hills and land
He loved so in his manhood's prime ;
The spot ideal and sublime
 Was his desire.

THE PATRIOTS OF 1776.

GOD loves the souls of valiant men
Whose valor stands for brother's right ;
They're but the powers which voice his will,
His instruments the place to fill,
His every purpose to unite.

One great example of this truth
Was in our Independence time,
When our young nation's life began
To build upon the present plan
Which is a part to us divine.

Men in the council seats were true,
Men on the field as firm as they,
A loved unwritten patriot law
Pervaded council and the war
Till victory won the glorious day.

Those fifty-six staunch men of old,
Who raised their hands to vote us free,
Deserve the highest note of praise
That freedom's happy millions raise
In bringing out our Lord's decree.

Men on the field in humbler rank,
Who fought and fell for that great cause,
Or bore a musket for defense,
Are just as great in every sense
As they who formulated laws.

Around that camp of sweet renown
Which guarded our immortal birth,
They sit united as of old,
But in a realm of joy untold,
Rewarded for their toil of earth.

Around that camp sits one we love
Whose name we cherish and revere ;

But all a different task performed,
And every soul the camp adorns,
And every heart is just as dear.

We see the illustrious fathers sit
In tattered robes of shining gold,
While sweeter notes than battle drums
Which bade them once to carnage come,
Fill all the realm with strains untold.

A great reward for valor given,
A sphere where agonies no more
Shall harm the peace of them who fought,
And by their deeds the world is taught
A lesson of Columbia's shore.

OUR SHIP OF STATE.

HOW proudly looms our ship of state
In every patriot's eye,
Its destiny to him so great
That he will for it die.

He sees it loom upon the sea,
Its prow is made of gold,
Its keel was laid by heaven's decree,
Its helm our goddess holds.

Its canvas is a sparkling robe
With emeralds set so fair,

Its course is westward round the globe
Beneath diviner care.

There are eighty millions on her bows,
Shouting with one accord,
While glory wreathes the helmsman's brows
And hails her captain lord.

The pilots fear the sunken reefs,
Yet reefs of danger past ;
They watch, but trusting to their chief
If they are on them cast.

No leeward land now breaks the view,
No shoals to foam the wave,
But one majestic spanless blue
Rolls round the mighty brave.

The stars whose lustre o'er them vents
Are those immortal souls
Crystalled amid the firmaments,
Their union to control.

No storms that shade the sky serene
Can dim one glorious star,
Its beauty through the tempest beams
And fills the world afar.

And as our great immortal names
Ascend from earth, they shine
To guide this ship through Time's deep main,
Till anchor cast for time.

OAK TREE PLANTED ON THE TWO
HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF KING
PHILIP'S DEATH AT MOUNT HOPE,
AUGUST 24, 1876.

WE plant to-day a tree,
The infant of the wood,
To mark where Philip's throne
In far back days had stood.

Two hundred years have past
Since that young savage lord
Asserted for his rights,
And led his arms abroad.

Until New England's heart
Was thrilled with deep concern,
For Philip's knife was red,
His heart was just as stern.

All this broad realm was his,
The hills so green with wood,
The vales so rich with grass ;
Himself a monarch stood.

The inborn grace of man
He, may be, never knew,
His nature fierce and wild,
His thoughts of mercy few.

Not for his savage heart
Was this sweet memory given,

Not for his all intent
For which our land had striven.

But as an emblem, we
The oak tree plant to him,
It is the forest's pride,
Of forests it is king.

As emblem of his strength,
Child of the wild wood he,
Who loved to battle storms,
Innured to gallantry.

Then may the sun and showers
Nourish this tree until
Its strong extending arms
Shall shade the royal hill.

His birthright yet may see
His grand domain, and know
That this is Philip's tree,
The mightiest English foe.

From this historic mound
His royal father left,
To greet our pilgrim sire
On Plymouth's rock bereft.

But Philip's heart was hard,
His father's love not there,
The passion of his soul
Was rapine, blood, despair.

But grow this youthful tree,
Fit emblem be this oak,
Until its branches grace,
The summit of Mount Hope.

TASH-TASH-UCK AND HIS COUNTRY.

IN memory of this ancient chief
The muse will dedicate his song,
For in his heart there is belief
That this illustrious ruler long
Held regal sway of our domain,
And thousands 'neath his mighty reign
Lived conquerors in his hour.

In his proud years he trod the hills
And fished the streams, a source of wealth,
And in the grove the panther killed
And speared the treacherous wolf in stealth.
Peace filled his slumbers where he slept
And foes from his loved realm were kept
By his brave legion's power.

Ah, could he known a century more
Would sweep his royal blood away
And other men invest his shore
And all his glory in decay,
Could brave Tash-tash-uck known the fate,
So grimly in the future wait
For his proud race and throne.

But when our sires his valleys prest
They saw a charm of beauty there,
For Nature many a way had blest
With scenery that is grand and rare.
Soon o'er his fields new homes were spread
And feet of other nations tread
On ashes of his own.

Could he have seen the commerce borne
From the wild wastes of ocean's might,
And valleys filled and mountains torn,
The iron steeds to move in flight,
Would all this woke his savage breast
Enough to ask what powers they vest
To do such wondrous thing.

But where is he that once was strong
And mighty in that day of old?
Is there no relic but a song,
No deed nor legend to unfold
One rift of his long, ancient reign?
All lost but his undying name—
So oft the fate of kings.

JOHN BROWN.

OLD good John Brown and his four sons
Began the conquest for the slave,
And gloriously they did appear
Upon our Western new frontier,
The nurseling empire state to save.

For slavery's wicked van had set
Westward to spread its withering blight,
But these most gallant sons said no,
And with a firm, uplifted blow,
They struck for God, freedom, and right.

The warm, rich life blood of their sire
Was bounding through the sons the same,
Deep in each bosom was the zeal,
And for humanity that weal
Which lit the country's soul aflame.

They heard that still small voice and knew
Their arduous task for him was long,
The millions were against their plan,
A nation, too, was on the van,
With slavery's minions leading on.

They saw the murky clouds of war,
And heard the roar of battle-fields,
And knew they must fall in the fray;
But when the storm should pass away,
Their cause, like mountains, never yield.

The clouds did burst, the storm did sweep,
The barbarous chains of slavery fell,
But who has sung their primal deeds,
First martyrs in the cause to bleed,
What shaft their heroisms tell?

What sons of broad Columbian's realm
Have done more for our name so sweet

Than John Brown and his boys so brave,
Whose hope and life were with the slave,
Though God their labor made complete?

Must centuries pass before the doubt
As to their all eventful day,
To be rewarded and revered
Between both oceans, and endeared
As first in that immortal fray?

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT.

FREEDOM'S great banner-bearer dead,
A Cæsar for her shackled race,
And first the nation's forces led,
As chief before the glorious chase.

His campaign march with flag unfurled,
In heart true as the Northern star,
With cause that shook the Christian world,
The cause the grandest for a war.

Heroes may fall on fields more red,
But never o'er the battle strife
Has man rejoiced, or nobler bled,
For right, humanity, and life.

For when he raised that sword on high,
His heart for servile man was true,
And victory with a wreath stood nigh,
To grace the fallen and the few.

That purpose which his bosom filled,
Rushed out, like mountain torrent, warm,
For slavery wickedness had chilled
All thought of legal hands more strong.

But while his cap waved on the van,
Secession's flag fell 'neath his feet,
And thralldom's dastard giants scanned
His onward move with sorrows deep.

Yes, while his sword flashed by his side,
Beyond the Mississippi's banks,
New England loved his battle strides,
And loved to fill his veteran ranks.

Few nobler names are gathered 'round
The sainted shrine of freedom great,
A thousand more may get the crown,
While yet the truth is with his fate.

Few dearer names than Fremont's live,
Twofold in greatness long to stand;
His youthful heart of valor gives
The mountain pass to Western strands.

His country's flag he first unfurled
Upon Nevada's snow-capped hills,
And gave unto his land a world
Where states, like empires, rise to fill.

His battle horn and sabre's gleam,
Crossed mountains robed in winter's cold,

While in his rear comes up the stream
Of restless men in quest of gold.

And while his eagle ensign waved,
Our country loved to follow on,
For in his tracks there was no grave,
But victory and greatness won.

Long will the name of Fremont live,
Long will New England's patriot breast
Rejoice to honor and to give
Due reverence to a hero's rest.

NOT SHOOT THE EAGLE.

NOT shoot the eagle, sportsman, stop!
He's national and great;
Have you his glory once forgot,
Since he was born of state?

Now halt, and let your better will
Be master for the time,
And do not that old eagle kill
Whose memories are sublime.

For when our nation's day began,
One hundred years ago,
Our fathers in their mighty plan
Decreed things thus and so.

Among the many mandates wrought,
One was to have a shield,
As emblem of the nation's thought,
Some badge for state and field.

What object was more fitting, then,
In those wild stormy days,
To be an emblem for those men
So worthy of our praise,

Than the majestic eagle grand,
Free as the clouds on high,
Whose wing the starless realm commands,
Like thought he climbs the sky.

This eagle bird, yes, he should be
Our coat of arms and shield ;
His portrait symbol of the free,
In hall of state and field.

The mountain's child, heir to the land
Which rises to the cloud,
He lives beyond the storm more grand
On snow-clad crags more proud.

Don't shoot the eagle ! let him soar !
He's motto for our liberty,
Freedom-loved bird forevermore,
Proud symbol of our victory.

OUR CONSTITUTION.

HOW staunch our Constitution stands
Before the world's admiring gaze,
Its base the continent commands,
And to the starry cloudlands raise.

How careless is the common mind
Its build and majesty to know,
The strength and glory of mankind
Are in the work and purpose, too.

It makes the citizen feel great,
It equalizes every man,
It stands the proudest wall of state,
The grandest gift in mortal plan.

When storms of battle on it beat
And awful was the day of strife,
It stood as firm, unharmed, complete,
Nor lost a grace of early life.

But brilliantly in that red hour
It shone celestial, pure, and bright,
And freedom set her cherished flower
Beneath its rosy walls of might.

Beside its battlements now shine
The gem her bleeding hands had set,
A sweet memento all divine,
Last block of gold with battle wet.

Look to the skies! hail, walls of light!
The stars shine o'er its summit high,
Its crown forever grows more bright,
Its base still on the bed-rock lies.

Boon of the world! Vast column stand,
Proud bulwark of Columbia's free,
Strength of the mountains, and as grand
From earth to heaven, from sea to sea.

Boon of the world, of limit grand,
Forged in the battle-furnace blast
And built by faithful fathers' hands,
That should a million centuries last.

WASHINGTON.

HAS time through all the centuries great
And all the change that empire's seen,
Failed to produce in war and state
A man so brave, so wise, supreme?

Have nations fought enough and bled
To raise one soul of God-built mind,
Whose feet would not his victories tread,
But ever leave them for mankind?

Have kings robbed glory of her man
Until this mighty age of earth
Must God raise up to show his plan
For nations to grow strong with worth?

Did grandeur store her noblest deeds
That proud Columbians might achieve?
All earth has said that heaven decreed,
And all this glorious truth believe.

Did wisdom, in his house of gold,
Keep these immortal truths so great,
Until our Washington of old
Was asked to bring them into state?

He went with purpose strong and grand
To bear them in from storms of strife,
And did triumphantly command,
Tho' cost his shore its patriot life.

He bravely through war's thunder bore
The germs that make his country free,
The glory of Columbia's shore
Was ransomed in his victory.

This all-important patriot deed
To our great Washington was given,
A duty by his land decreed,
A mandate surely born in heaven.

Did God reserve this Continent
As theatre for men to raise
A free ideal government,
Where freedom, justice, truth be praised?

He stood on our foundations new,
With sword drenched in the battle gore,

And asked high heaven, with bosom true,
To smile upon it evermore.

He saw behind how empires fell,
And of the past the future told ;
He tells us in his last "Farewell,"
A gift the nation's bosom holds.

The world has known his glorious worth,
No note can lift him higher on,
No rival ever had of earth,
None built so grand as Washington.

And may the country ever be
An emblem of his soul's desire,
True, patriotic, grand, and free,
A land that will the world admire.

AMERICA'S FIRST BATTLE AT LEXINGTON.

THE midnight stretched the Bay State hills,
And every star was shining bright ;
Slumber a thousand homes did fill,
And who was dreaming of the fight ?

But ere the night had passed away
They heard the shout of Paul Revere,
Whose mission was to rouse for fray
The sleeping thousands far and near.

For England's mighty men of strife
Were roaming fast through hill and glen,
Robbing the country of its life,
And trampling o'er the rights of men.

But long before the skies were red
A thousand farmers, strong and brave,
Began a thousand paths to tread,
Their wealth, their homes, their lives to save.

This was America's first van,
America's first battle call,
America's first march, first plan,
First soldiers for her rights to fall.

They met the foe at Lexington,
At Concord, too, they fought and fell,
With every blow they struck they won,
Each step they took the world doth tell.

They hurled them o'er the Charlestown heights,
And made it one immortal day,
For Liberty to tell and write
About the heroes in that fray.

DANIEL BOONE.

HOW pleasant 't is to tell and praise
Our men of past for gallant deeds,
Men who lived in ye olden days,
Whose wit and valor did succeed.

It is no deep, inherent power,
To tell the truth as oft one speaks,
No virtue to extol the hour
Of him who honor justly reaps.

So do not forget these bright names,
Whose bravery led the Western van,
They've fought like those on battle plain,
They've achieved much to fill the plan.

What man have we to honor more
Than Daniel Boone? The nation owes
That man a debt; let all ignore
The selfish ways, and something show.

We do not care to praise his deed
So much as to admire the life,
The soul, the nerve, from whence proceeds
Such length of peril and of strife.

The dangers, hardships, and the years
This man had passed in woods so deep,
Make him our bannered pioneer,
The subject for a world to greet.

While men of brave Columbia's realm
Were waging Independence War,
With sterling grasp they had the helm,
With strength they hurled the foe afar.

Meanwhile was Boone on wild frontiers,
With firebrand and with gun in hand,
And, like the soldiers, lost to fear,
But served his country just as grand.

He hewed from Western wood a state,
He gave his flag another star,
The old Kentuckian realm so great,
First born since young Columbia's war.

What man has nobler fought than Boone !
How bright in history lives his name !
It shines in Fame's deep skies at noon,
A country's pride from main to main.

No gift of state, no price in gold,
Could lure him from the primal wood,
His nature, long innured and bold,
With grace each hardship had withstood.

When others sought his home and fields,
He 'd build his stockade miles away,
And there, when nature's stillness yields,
His soul's deep instincts would obey.

Until De Soto's long, deep wave
Was crossed for darker fields to roam,
A life of fourscore years, yet brave,
He found in solitude a home.

He loved to rove the wild, remote,
Untraversed realms, where mortal feet
Had never trod, nor stirred the note
Within the silent wood so deep.

The wolf's grim howl in midnight's hour
Was but a bugle call for him ;

His rifle, guardian of the bower,
His presence safer than a king.

Boone's bravery faced the savage knife,
The arrow, tomahawk, and spear,
He chanced a thousand times his life,
With wolf, with panther, and with bear.

Such heroism makes his days
A marvel in his nation's pride,
This brave old pioneer, a praise,
A household name his country wide.

HUDSON DISCOVERING THE HIGHLANDS.

WHEN Hudson sailed this narrow sea
To find what wealth it did possess,
He found wild nature's majesty
Unbroken in its happiness.

Those cliffs which rise in grandeur high,
No other shores so tall and grand,
In clouds their snowy summits lie,
In firmaments their voiceless hands.

He looked with awe on the serene
Huge workmanship of nature's build,
His soul must been lost in the scene,
His heart with giant greatness thrilled.

The dark blue waves so deep and strong,
 Flowing from the unseen, unknown,
From whence they come, what shores unborn,
 What realm, what sources might they own?

A thousand visions fill his gaze,
 All moulded in gigantic form,
A thousand thoughts to lift in praise
 For boastful nature deeds so strong.

Still the deep wave with mountain shores
 Kept yielding sceneries all sublime,
The royal eagle lordly soared
 And hailed the clouds, his native shrine.

Since those young days what glorious fate
 Hath come upon her shores and hills!
The new world 's built her cities great,
 Her shores the seas with commerce fill.

Since that grand sail that Hudson made,
 What splendid change in empire seen!
A people hath a nation laid
 And brought their fleets upon his stream.

Upon her shores the continent
 Brings down its treasures for the earth.
Great waves, what service have they lent
 Unto the world since their short birth?

IMMORTAL VIRGINIANS.

THOSE old Virginians wrought such mighty deeds,

That patriot bosoms never can forget

When our young country for her rights did bleed,
They both in war and state for victory met.

It gives the true heart pride to trace the page

And see the names so glorious in renown ;

We find them first the battle strength to wage,

We find them first with statesmen glory crowned.

We find her Henry blazing with that fire

In halls of state, that thrilled the country
through ;

We find her Washington with one desire

To stand for right or die a martyr true.

Her Jefferson with ermine robes of peace

Stands like a giant with deep counsel sweet,

Flowing to man and man to man increase

His words and thoughts until a nation greets.

Her Madison and her Monroe and Lee,

All wise and brave in those historic days,

Toiling that their young country might be free,

And may we long her patriot children praise.

The nation, yes, may take them in her arms

And ask all ages still to judge their worth,

To that sad era when those great alarms
Hung round the cradle of the nation's birth.

Yes, take but three, one fired the land with hope,
Another gave the reasons why they fought,
The third arrayed and with the battles cope
And victory for the struggling millions brought.

Of course we do not mean to slight the name
Of him that first upon the country page,
But simply give to old Virginia's fame
Her first great actors of that glorious age.

THE MIND OF MAN.

THE mind of man I symbolize,
As monuments of stone,
With summits mid the clear blue skies,
Unguarded, grand, alone.

Some stand upon the solid rock,
With base so broad and grand,
That storms give strength instead of shock,
And age withholds its hand,

While others stand on sandy base,
And fall before the years
Of life have run their usual race ;
With some no mind appears.

And some stand on a rock unmoved
With fertile soil around,
Bearing sweet herbs of heaven approved,
And with new glories crowned.

Some stand with flowers twining round
This shaft of heaven's design,
Unfolding gems, the rarest found,
Of workmanship divine.

Yes, bless the Lord, he gives the mind,
He plants the gems to grow,
He's authorship of all mankind,
He's God above, below.

If one with rugged mind be graced,
And towers with flowers above,
Look not contemptuous o'er thy race,
But know that God is love.

And listen to that still small voice
That speaks unto the soul,
For 't was that power that made the choice
And made the mind unfold.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

GOD in his all-wise vision saw,
Plain as we see the sun's broad glow,
That America must have war,
For she had nurtured up a foe ;

And hence a man to guide the hour
Must be the next sublime decree,
Whose every instinct feels the power
And knows the voices of the free,
The build, the glory of his state, .
The steps to take, the pathway, and its fate.

And when the dark, deep clouds had spread
And half the universe began
To shake beneath the battle tread,
The nation leaned upon her man,
Who had come forth as from the night ;
Yet strong and mighty for the day,
With word and hands to do the right
Let others purpose as they may ;
For to his soul a voice sublime
Had spoke ; he knew the course of God's design.

Prodigious spirit of the age
Came forth to give his hallowed light,
Illumed the world-great freedom's sage,
The praise of nations to unite.
Great father, of two spheres adored,
The earth and all the realm divine,
Whose power a severed land restored,
Whose grave is liberty's first shrine,
All hail, till patriot fires shall cease,
Our martyred loveliness, our son of peace.

First for his country's sake he stood,
Whose fate the zealous world looked on,

And trusted to his sense of good ;
Whose virtues were of lordly form,
His reasoning powers were stronger far
Than other minds before his day ;
He measured with a span the war
And set the bounds it should obey.
The Union blood should ransom more
Than all its pains, the miseries, and the gore.

These traits of character so grand
Which shone from him in days so great,
The extra threads of gold to stand
The awful test of war and state ;
Had Lincoln's soul been void of these
Royal attributes which heaven gave,
We turn in terror, for the seas
Of deep rebellion would enslave,
And he with this republic great
Would both been buried to an awful fate.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS.

WHEN spring unfolds her balmy wing
And soars across the hills of brown,
Her many million voices sing,
The many million hopes will crown.

How pleasantly her days pass by,
All nature seems to smile and wait,

While she prepares the earth and sky,
Her precious seeds to germinate.

Her breath is on the morning breeze,
Her love the noontide skies reveal,
The ocean breakers fall with ease,
And evening clouds her beauty steal.

How pleasantly is life's sweet day
With health and youth strewn round so dear,
Will spring look hopeful when decay
Will mark the coming threescore year?

But may each life pass down the stream
Unburdened with transgression's thought,
But with a conscience pure, serene,
Of good deeds and of good words fraught.

May spring look beautiful with age
When tottering steps some day will come ;
May some sweet theme the mind engage,
May some sweet flowers the pathway bloom.

Spring, the fair maid of all the year,
Will ever come with rosy lips
To kiss the bare, cold hills so drear
And trees with purple buds to tip.

Spring, the sweet daughter with her seed,
Will come and go when I am gone,
But may great God my spirit lead
Where peace and flowers shall ever dawn.

A SUMMER HOUR.

GREAT the joy there is in silence
When the mind is free,
For then we here with nature talk,
And all seems in glee.

Especially when summer breezes
Waft the teeming earth,
And all landscapes seem to flourish
In nature's glad birth.

Every fly is but a minstrel
As it soars along ;
Every bird and every cricket
Keeps continual song.

In the chimney now the swallows
Chirrup and seem gay,
While I muse in shades so peaceful
All the summer day.

Over all the mighty locust
Sounds his deafening strain
From the tree top in the forest
To the far-off plain.

Yes, there is a tranquil beauty
On the silent hearth,
Ancients knew it when they told it,
And they knew its worth.

For among the varied music,
We can gently pause
On the glorious works of nature
And her sacred laws.

While I think of him that formed them,
How could I destroy
One sweet life so full of pleasure
For what some call joy?

For each varied song so gently
Seems to fill my soul,
While this little band of music
Heaven alone controls.

Who should dare now crush a minstrel
On the sod or limb;
I should notice, and besides
Be observed by him.

MASSASOIT.

PROUD monarch of a thousand hills,
Thy name is yet revered and grand,
For those remindful deeds that filled
That seaworn suffering pilgrim band.

For those humane and Christian thoughts
That thrilled thy breast for other weal,

A million hearts with homage fraught
Still for thy memory ever feel.

For in thy heart an instinct dwelt
That made thy savage life a flower ;
Thy deeds an infant nation felt,
So timely wrought in sorrow's hour.

Ah, yes, thy memory is the rose
That's in the garland which surrounds
The brow of thousands that repose
In honor on New England grounds.

WASHINGTON AT PRAYER.

HOW glorious must have been the sight
Of Washington at prayer,
Who had the nation's cause to fight
At heart, the nation's care.

'T was when he lay at Valley Forge,
Packed by the winter storms,
While the strong army of King George
Was in the city warm.

Disease and death were stalking round
The patriot ranks in grief,
Our ship of state almost aground
The shoals, the rocks, the reef.

Great Washington he knew that God
Was in his cause so great,
He languished for his smiling rod
In some way demonstrate.

He sought the frozen wood to pray
Great God to help and haste,
For young America's short day
Was sorrowing into waste.

They heard him pray, his lifted voice
Made vocal hill and wood ;
They knew their cause would be God's choice,
For he is with the good.

Columbia, sweet with girlish grace,
Was in the storm-beat bower,
And Liberty with tearful pace
Was near him at the hour.

They looked, they saw his bended knee,
His brow was cold and bare,
They only whisper : " Yes, it's he,
Our Washington at prayer."

Low by his side his sabre hung,
His hat laid on the snow,
As his great heart with trouble wrung
Poured out his country's woe.

They wiped their soul's warm tear away,
Their sob was low and deep.

Jehovah heard "the Father" pray,
He saw the moistened cheek.

He answered prayer, we heard : Amen.
The wood, the camp, the world
Rejoiced to see the cause again
And victory's flag unfurl.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

AN old gray soldier said he saw
Lincoln at Gettysburg.
Three days that awful strife had raged,
Three days the Union arms had waged ;
The nation deep was stirred.

The Union arms were making then
Full twice five thousand graves,
For Lee had gone and left his slain,
The Nation's dead was on the plain
But Union banners wave.

Lincoln had come, the president !
The field was thrilled anew ;
The bugle called the men in line ;
A hundred thousand bayonets shine,
Held all in hands so true.

The soldier said : His hat was soft
 And illy graced his head ;
A dark frock coat ; and very tall,
A head and better o'er them all,
 With broad, strong shoulders spread.

They saw him walk ; they heard him speak
 Those words of wisdom rare.
The conquest was his fatal stroke ;
The blow was given, and it broke
 The arm the nation dare.

The Southern structure felt the day—
 It settled with the strain ;
The base, the piers, the pillars shook ;
The architectural bore a look
 That it must fall in twain.

The soldier said : His wearied breast
 Was with emotion deep ;
For they beheld him as their king—
Their leader and their chief—who 'd bring
 Them through the war complete.

Lincoln at Gettysburg was gold ;
 'T was glory and 't was great.
The world knew that he fought the strife,
And knew he was the nation's life,
 Holding its shivering fate.

It was on Independence day,
 The nation had met there,

And all the Union and the earth
Knew 't was the second of its birth,
With purer life to share.

Lincoln at Gettysburg ! How wise
To meet his soldiers brave !
Fearless he met them on the plain,
Among the wounded and the slain,
And by the new-made grave.

INDIAN ROYAL BURYING GROUND,
CHARLESTOWN, R. I.

I STAND among the royal graves
Of Narragansett's kings of yore,
Whose age was mighty and as brave
As those that rule to-day their shore.

But time, so certain and so strong,
Hath laid their crowns and sceptres low,
And all their victories but a song,
Their life a wild flower long ago.

These lines of graves so crude and old
Bring to the memory what must have been
This hill with thousands young and bold ;
These scenes all massed with savage men.

Rude honors of their Indian life,
As din of missiles, scream of horns,

Then rang these vales like battle strife
In those remote vast years now gone.

The cortege resting at the hill,
The bearers of their king's remains,
The spears, the plumes, the forest fills,
The ranks, the crush, the burial strain.

All those wild anthems of the past,
The primal wood that filled the vale
Has gone forever, and the vast
Eternity will only tell the tale.

All swept away except the scene
Where rocks and hillside voiceless stand,
And the blue ocean all supreme,
Whose white-lipped waves yet beat the sand.

But nations mightier than their own
Have sunk beneath the freight of years,
And brighter crowns and grander thrones
And sceptres, too, whom earth did fear.

Faith hath not only grasped the names
Of these wild lords of glory past—
Not only lost their ancient reign,
But with the world hath dealt as vast.

The life of flowers, of grass, and tree
Owes its existence to the dust
"Of some sweet life" long ceased to be,
Some age that felt as yet we must.

But grateful to their memory still
And what time's hand doth yet reveal,
We 'll cherish and we 'll guard the hill,
We 'll scribe, preserve, and ever feel.

A GULL ON BLACK ROCK, ROCKY
POINT, SOUTH KINGSTOWN.

THE wind across the grassy banks
Was blowing brisk and keen,
While many a gull, with gleeful pranks,
Seem joyous to be seen.

They 'd rise, they 'd dive, they 'd skim the wave,
So boistrous and so grand ;
They 'd perch upon the rock, then brave
Along the beaten sands.

But one would on the black rock set,
As waves rolled 'round him deep ;
The spray would make his bosom wet
And wash his purple feet.

The billows, as they swept along
And 'round the boulder dark,
Did thunder in a voice so strong
That made one give a start.

But firmly stood the gull, nor winced
Nor left the foam-clad rock,

For his whole spirit seemed convinced
It was a happy spot,—

A place where his wild nature sought,
Innured from birth till now,
By a true instinct ever taught
Not to the seas to bow.

SPRINGTIME MEMORIES.

THE sweetly singing jay in blue
Has brought the spring once more,
While hallowed memories come to view
As wave-beats on the shore.
Could we withstay the memories bright,
Could we eclipse them in a night,
Where not a future rift could light,
How dark would lifetime be.

My mother's bird. I should forget
When it came full of glee ;
It always perched to sing, and sit
Upon the mulberry tree.
And there unto the evening still
Its sweet notes would the branches fill.
At morn the little bird would thrill
The dooryard with his glee.

Could I forget my boyhood days,
My mother's joy and mine,
What could I have to love and praise
Or think of good old times?
For when the evening hour grew late
My mother stood beside the gate.
Perhaps an hour she 'd watch and wait,
And ask what made me stay.

Her robin then had gone to sleep,
But whip-poor-wills would sing,
Or else the little frogs would peep
Beside the brook and spring.
How sweet those memories ; yes, how sweet !
I feel them, and I hear the feet
Of those delightful days, so fleet,
Tread softly, but away.

EACH MIND A WORLD.

IT seems to me this mind of ours
Might well unto a world compare,
For in and round it live such powers,
Such awful destinies, such care.

It's also true each mind is wrought
Of something different, and arranged
On different plans, for every thought
Seems firm as stars that shine unchanged.

We think we are right, and try to tell
Those we think wrong the way to right,
But cannot change; the more we dwell,
The further off they get from sight.

We know it's so. Each mind seems based
On something which God knows is true.
All trees stand firm within their place,
Each tree's a tree, tho' different grew.

It's so with us; we are right because
There is a cause each must defend,
And justice will regard the laws
Of nature till the very end.

A tree cannot say to a tree,
You are wrong, because you are big or small;
You should grow crooked, fair like me,
Or be as that one, straight and tall.

We should not say unto a man,
You are wrong because you are not like me.
Why should we try to shift a plan
Of which a God has so decreed.

The mind seems, more and more to me,
Like some born sphere for thoughts, like stars
Of different hues,—so fair to see,
So brilliant, and to us so far!

Fixed are these firmaments; they shine
To brighten all the worlds around,

Each star a jewel built for time,
Each star eternity to crown.

Though some may be more drear and dark,
Yet God has purpose for their life ;
He 's all supreme, his grander heart
Will triumph and make clear the strife.

He made all men, he made the world,
He made us like Himself, as should,
Then on our thoughts pure sky unfurled,
The likeness of his world so good.

Then all should cease to try to sail
Each other's ship through life's deep sea ;
For God is steering, and the gale
Is also part of his decree.

We may plant flowers for others' good,
We may bear burdens for their weal,
But what good things we do, we should
Know they 're from God, not from Him steal.

HAWAII.

LITTLE tropic brave Hawaii,
Struggling in the Western main,
Raising from her pagan starlight
To the morn of Christian reign.

Wanting to become a sister
To Columbia, Empire state,
Whose maternal hands have aided
In her recent strides so great.

Shaking off the royal fetters,
Forged by wild barbaric hands,
To adorn with rose and laurel
Emblems of a mightier land.

Orphaned mid the deep seas' thunder,
Shall we make her one more star
On the flag of this great Union,
Mighty both in peace and war?

Raise once more that starry ensign
On those fearless, sea-girt hills,
For the soul of earth and heaven
Knows it's God's eternal will.

Proud is every loving patriot,
Proud is Liberty to know
That her influence bounds no ocean
But must with her people go.

Deep down in the heart of freemen,
In the patriotic soul,
Voices raise that can't be trodden,
Powerful as the ocean roll.

In the sunny, broad Pacific
She must rise with laureled head

And her crown of pearl and sea shells
Must be freedom's wreath instead.

Isles of little sweet Hawaii,
Emerald set in Western wave,
Gemland like our own New England,
Land of valiant men to save.

Injured beauty of the West seas,
In the great day yet to come
We will smooth those tear-wet ringlets,
We will greet our sister home.

WASHINGTON AND THE CONSTITUTION.

AFTER the battle guns had ceased
Of that illustrious patriot age,
And men came to love the peace
For which they long had been engaged,

The happy millions then demand
A constitution for the free,
And who must fill the conclave good,
And who must voice their liberty.

The weight of battle had been borne,
The musket and the sword laid down,
The nation's flag, bloody and torn,
A priceless nation as a crown.

Their country's eye was yet upon
The chief who led the stormy scene,
The mighty, grand George Washington,
Most noble of the age supreme.

Again he must assume the lead
In this momentous hour so great,
For who should know the country's need,
Or better build the walls of state.

He 'd heard the land proclaim the cause,
He 'd seen them bleed on fields and die,
And hence to formulate their laws
'T was well they should with him rely.

Each germ of power that 's planted there,
Each fabric in the mighty build,
He weighed it all with thought and care,
His own deep heart the import filled.

The solons of the ancient Greece
Did fail to reach the height desired,
The wise of Rome knew not the peace,
Nor with the grandest thoughts inspired.

Down the huge mountain stream of time
Have nations plunged to rise no more,
Only to leave wreckage and crime
And ghost of glory on the shore.

From these huge ruins of the past,
This avalanche of shattered hopes,

These wise, good men a vision cast
And grander build high heaven invokes.

Those great Columbians, true of soul,
And zealous for their truth to stand,
Went to the heart and forged the whole
Vast architectural scene so grand.

There's not a turret, spire, nor gate,
Nor cornice, capital, nor tower,
But what this fatherhood of state
Designed for us in those great hours.

And as we gaze upon its walls,
Massive and grand as summer clouds,
His name shines brightly o'er them all,
Sublime, immortal, stanch, and proud.

WASHINGTON UPON THE BATTLEMENTS
OF AMERICAN LIBERTY.

UPON those grand stupendous walls
With banners torn and stained,
Great Washington with sword in hand,
Uplifted and with loud command,
Forever has proclaimed,

That these herculean battlements
Were built for freedom's sake,
And none must dare to come behind,

Unless a friend to all mankind,
And zealous for the state.

These massive labors of an age,
Forged out, fought out, and raised,
Were not erected for the wrong,
Were not erected for the strong,
But for soul-freedom's praise.

This sky-built, huge, colossal work,
The wonder of the world,
Is where our ancestors began
To toil, to consummate the plan,
And freedom's flag unfurled.

Who dares to battle down the walls,
Who dares insult the gate,
Would disenthroned the sun and moon,
Rob heaven of all the stars as soon,
And leave the worlds to fate.

Who would climb up the flag to furl
Or strike his sabre low,
Must have a soul dark as the night,
Must have a sense perverse to right—
All earth's devouring foe.

But no, those God-built walls must stand,
They are crystal rocks of blood,
They are built with pain, with sighs and tears,
Their base, when laid, a thousand fears
Were on the shores and flood.

They are raised, and time's gigantic hand
Still strengthens and makes strong ;
When they are taken down, the sons who built
Must have upon their souls the guilt—
To them the lasting wrong.

When stalwart, young America
Sees not that sword on high,
The heart, the nerve, the life will cease,
The beauty of the world, and peace
Will breathe its last deep sigh.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF LINCOLN.

IN Hardin county, in the dark, deep wood,
Neath summer's sunshine and the winter's storm,
A lone log cabin there remotely stood,
The place where Lincoln, best of men, was born.

It was an eve when winter's wind of might
Roared in the tall wood, naked, cold, and close,
This babe came forth, whose little hands should
write
The grandest edict that the world disclosed.

A mother's love was all the infant knew,
Its humble birth no envy could arise,
But God, who has for us a purpose true,
Smiled down that night with ever watchful eyes.

The snarl of wolf, the howling of the wood,
The icy wind that ravished every spot,
Were all the notes of that lone neighborhood
So grimly near his old log cabin cot.

This child of honor from his rough log home
Rose up from poverty to hills of power,
Here first our Lincoln to the world had come,
Here in the primal wood his earliest hour.

Here first his prattle and the spring birds' lay
Did greet the leaf so lovely to the scene ;
Here first his little hands began to play
And crawl beyond the door-sill to the green.

Here first he stood at mother's knee so strong,
And here he slept upon his bed of leaves,
And here he learned to trudge the paths so long,
To help his father shock the heavy sheaves.

Here until nine sweet summers of his life
Did Lincoln know no other home than this.
A spot long dear in all the varied strife
Is home of childhood, ever home of bliss.

Here Lincoln's born, the greatest of the great,
Here in the lone, deep forest glade he grew,
And here embraced the idea of the state
Of which he grasped with every purpose true.

Here played the boy, who marshaled armies vast,
Here first the Moses to the slave began,

TEMPEST OF JANUARY 25, 1893. 101

Here in the wild backwoods did God recast
To this tall youth the nation's future plan.

Here like the David, who, we read of old,
Watched on the plains of Palestine the sheep,
And here we have an Abraham as bold,
And trusting ever in the God who keeps.

The old log cabin, rough-built as could be,
Without a grace or comfort to behold,
Now stands a sacred heirloom to the free,
In every mind more dear than lumps of gold.

Here will the eagle, bannered bird of power,
Sing to the skies an anthem of the good,
Here will the glory of that birth and hour
Cling round his old log cabin in the wood.

TEMPEST OF JANUARY 25, 1893.

THE awful thunder roaring o'er the main,
The midnight's darkness on the sky,
And drifting snow is on the frozen plain,
And shores and ponds all ice-bound lie.

The lightning flash broke from the freezing clouds,
And all the field was fire and snow,
The thundering ocean and the storm more loud
Made scenes most terrible below.

I lay and heard the muttering tempest roar,
And knew how weak were mortal hands
To push the cloud or winter from the shore,
Or calm the billows on the strand.

All, all, I knew was but the work of him
Who doeth all things with his power,
And from the awful midnight yet would bring
To all the glorious daybeam's hour.

And when the silvery lustre of the day
Appeared above the orient hills,
The murky stormclouds all were swept away
And winter's storm was monarch still.

SOUTH KINGSTOWN BEFORE THE DIVI-
SION.

YE prince of towns, shake off your dust,
And rise before the mustering foe,
For legions seem to think they must
Some little selfish action show.
May I compare the town a shield
That hangs in little Rhody's halls,
Whose beauty their true pride reveals,
And spreads sweet luster o'er the walls,
And shines a Venus in the cluster there,
For none more great with natural charms to share.
Upon this shield we look with joy,
So fair with promise and with worth,

Embossed by nature's high employ,
Our wealth, our township, home and birth.
For waving hills and valleys deep,
Our father's noblest hope and pride,
And level fields where harvest reap,
Lie here and there so rich and wide,
And groves and lakes and ever-flowing streams
And cities young add their glory to the scene.

While ocean's mighty wave surrounds
In part the shield of proud designs,
The wave which girds the globe around
And feels the gale of every clime;
Besides from all these God-built charms
We have on fame's sweet hills of pride
Two heroes who have led our arms
At Erie and South Mountain side,
And jurist, statesmen, sages' names enrolled
Whom ages yet may write with names in gold.

And of the past we have delight
To love these spirits of renown,
Whose luster throws its genial light
O'er every hearthstone of the town,
Will not permit the severing blow
To part the strength and purpose true;
For by it what of wisdom show
More honor to be one than two,
Part not with what our worthy fathers leave,
Strike down the sword our honored shield would
cleave.

SHERIDAN'S ARRIVAL AT CEDAR CREEK.

THE fight at Cedar Creek is known
To all the Christian land ;
How Union's arms in camp asleep
Were waked by hostile hands
And hurried off like frightened sheep
Before the foe, whose voice of war was deep.

Their chief that night at Winchester,
Phil Sheridan the brave,
Had slept, full many a mile away,
But heard at morn the wave
Of cannon's sounds, like battle's fray ;
He knew his foe ; for in them danger lay.

He mounts his gallant war horse proud,
And urges to the camp,
His fear, his soul, his pride were there
Among those gallant ranks ;
His steed soon bore his rider where
His vision caught his routed troops and fare.

He waves his cap and shouts aloud,
" Face round the other way,
We are going back to camp again,
We'll whip them in the fray."
With one more added to the plain
New war began and glory wreaths his name.

The news flew on o'er stricken lines,
" Sheridan is in front ;"

Full twenty thousand soldiers spoke,
 " Be conquered now we won't,
For our old chief with hope unbroke
Will stand the storm like some unsheltered oak."

So right about each soldier turned
 With bosom bare and bold,
And met their great advancing foe
 As Greeks once met of old,
And there amid the tide of woe
They fought and fell and won at every blow.

The victors that were victors but
 One short, sad hour ago,
Were turned to flight—all that could flee--
 From Union hearts aglow,
And Sheridan smiled but to see
His arms rejoice in their great victory.

GENERAL GRANT EN ROUTE FOR MOUNT MCGREGOR PASSING WEST POINT.

WHEN Grant looked from his palace car,
 As gently round the curve it swung,
He saw the city from afar
 Where fifty years before he 'd come.

For there in boyhood glee he played,
 And there his mimic battles fought ;

And since those days his nation swayed,
With lifted sword and power of thought.

The joy and glory of his soul,
The pride and height of mortal hope,
He 'd lived to see like mountains roll
Away, beyond the vast remote.

But in that thought to know his day
Was nobly spent for man's great cause,
Must have been a soft, reflective ray,
To cheer his life as evening draws.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.

HOW noble stands the soldier boy,
Also his deed and name,
They all combine our worth with joy,
Our country, home, and fame.

How closely are their works allied
To what is good and great,
Other brave men have fought' and died
For a less noble state.

But here how sweet the cause that led,
How firm their victories stand,
The freedom which they bought when bled
Is still our priceless land.

.

The savage wilds of eastern worlds,
The royal ways of old,
Secession's banner when unfurled,
The human bought and sold,

Have all made wars of dire moment,
All caused a bloody strife,
And in those scenes our government
Was nourished into life.

All that the soldier's valor gave
To-day we cherish more.
Go dedicate his honored grave
With tiny flags he bore.

We cannot look on ocean vast,
On mountain, dell, or plain,
But what the awful battle blast
Has left its ruddy stain.

And for this mighty land of ours,
So glorious, great, and strong,
All purchased in strife's red hours
With life's young carnage warm.

The soldier's life-blood bought it all;
How can we pay the debt?
How can we ransom for his fall?
How can we him forget?

When shall we tread his flag so dear,
The cause for which he died?

Will centuries roll the fated year?
And who the storm descried?

Shall it be when the last warm drop,
His very life-blood gore,
Shall through the veins of children stop,
And memory live no more?

Shall it be when the chiseled rock
Shall crumble down and fall?
Shall it be when the earth's last shock
Will bury all in all?

But guard him well, his memory note,
As centuries pass the while,
For universal hands that wrote
He's freedom's battle child.

SPRING'S FIRST SUNSET, 1894.

THE setting sun had curtained all the west
With robes of crimson beauteous to behold :
The first fair day of spring was taking rest
Behind the bannered clouds of blue and gold.

The scene was rich, 't was great, sublime, and sweet
To know it was the long expected sign
Of vernal days, our frost-bound hills to greet,
And take the scepter from our rugged clime.

How sweet is life and health to live and see
The fields rejoice beneath the season's dawn,
To once more meet the bloom and leafy tree
And hear the birds rejoice at early morn.

How far the knowledge seems from man to know,
The mighty import of a coming year,
That all the food for millions is to grow—
A thought so foreign, yet a truth so near.

The leaves will fall, the season have its death,
But spring brings back the seed-time and the sun,
But when man goes, his life seems but his breath,
And all the joys of earthly nature run.

But still they tell us in a brighter clime
He wears eternal spring, and not a leaf
Decays nor flower grows less, but all divine,
And nothing sees or feels the stroke of grief.

With such great promise let the searching mind
Rejoice to think of what a wondrous fate
There is in store, and bless the hand so kind
Which made the realm His all-divine estate.

LIBERTY'S ADDRESS TO THE PATRIOTS
OF 1775.

RISE, patriots of a virgin realm,
And from yourselves shake every fear,
And bravely grasp the battle helm
And raise the flag you love so dear.

For now the time, the daybeam breaks,
The host is holding servile sway,
Your liberties with smiles they take.
They 've come for battle, not for play.

My children were not born for chains,
'They are holy heirs to heaven and earth ;
Their liberty is God's domain,
His footstool is their glorious hearth.

Rise, then, my heroes, lift that blade
And gird that armor ever bright,
And make your life's last pilgrimage
In laboring for the down-trod right.

When battle's awful knell is rung
Take courage and be ever brave,
For in the strife, ages to come
Will ever guard your field and grave.

Ten thousand thousands songs shall rise,
As centuries roll their flights so vast,
A thousand shafts will pierce the skies,
A thousand souls in marble cast.

Your day will be a glorious day,
Your names will perish with the stone,
No age but what will ever pay
Due homage for this act alone.

Fight, if the sunbeam of your hope
Beclouded is with strife's dark ray,
Then fight again until it 's broke,
Fight till the foe be swept away.

THE PEN OF LONGFELLOW.

THAT noble pen has done,
To write the sparks of thought,
A monument it's won,
It stands with garlands fraught.

Its beauty is a star
Within the mental sphere,
It shines but not afar,
Its worth is ever dear.

Genius beside it stands,
It honors him to be,
He ruled it long and grand
For God and for the free.

Each stone the poet laid
Is firm upon the base.
His work to starland made
America to grace.

He's great without a stain
Of blood of fellowman,
And such the noblest name
That does exist or can.

Time has his glory now
To save for ages yet;
We know he'll wreath the brow,
His name we'll ne'er forget.

None in his sacred trust
Will shine more sweetly on,
Than our loved poet must,
New England's honored son.

TICONDEROGA, 1775.

THE silent stars were brightly shining
In the western skies at morn,
When patriots were for freedom planning
And had round the fortress drawn.

Soon Colonel Ethan Allen, rapping
Loudly on the fortress door,
From slumbers waking up the captain,
Demanded both keys and store.

The British guardian of the fortress
Asked, "By whose word does it fall?"
"Heaven and the continental Congress,"
Allen answered—they are all.

Down England's mighty flag that morning
Went beneath the feet of men,
And freedom's folds went up rejoicing
Born to outlive diadem.

JOHN BROWN'S MONUMENT RAISED AT
NORTH ELBA, N. Y., JULY 21, 1896.

A GRATEFUL state, with depth of heart,
With zeal which all will yet impart
For liberty's great son,
Has raised a monument to him,
More grand in purpose than a king,
More proud since nation's won.

For he fought not for glory's sake,
Fought not for honor, nor for state,
But fought for bondaged man,
And for that cause a martyr's grave
Was all the old Dominion gave
For his great God-like plan.

New England heard his dreadful doom,
All heaven was shaded then with gloom,
O'er that stupendous deed.
The mighty West, with giant arms
Began that day to meet alarms,
For each brave heart did bleed.

The boyhood years were on my cheek,
But yet I heard my mother speak,
And saw her falling tear,
When this good man of God's own will
Was sent a mission to fulfil,
But fell in prime of years.

My mother said : " Who could thwart God,
Or dare avenge him when he nods,
 And take his child to kill ! "
And all the nation heard Him speak
From ocean unto ocean deep,
 Till all revered His will ;

Till blood was ransomed back for blood
And carnage, for four years a flood,
 To pay the cruel debt.
The nation rocked in throes of death
With agonies at every breath
 And every eye was wet.

But when the cup was full, God's wrath
Was then appeased, and then the path
 Lay bright and clear, and all
Could see how just and pure the war ;
For it was great Jehovah's law
 And grand each martyr's fall.

To-day New England's staunch old heart
Is just as soft and will impart
 Some tribute to his fame,
Whether be rock piled up on rock,
Or chiseled granite's time to mock,
 Will be in heart the same.

Yes, his sad death is gravened here,
It's in our memory and our tear ;
 As on the nation's heart

He, foremost in God's plan for right,
The first to fall amid the fight
Immortal for his start.

And as his monument shall stand,
So telling, on his sweet birthland
Looking to mountains far,
So may the race look up to him,
Whose death their freedom day did haste,
A harbinger of war.

And as the ages roll away
Shall passions of the war decay
And all united be?
Shall brother's hand clasp brother's hand
Beside this monument so grand,
Their son of liberty?

Shall eagle's grace with southern wreaths,
Shall young Columbia bring her sheaves
This pile of rock to crown,
And generations of the free,
Long sing his name from sea to sea,
And deeds of good John Brown?

AN ODE TO SPRING.

HOW patiently does nature wait,
With folded arms beside thy gate,
To hear thy bolts when drawn;
For long the tedious winter's moan

Has made her throbbing bosom groan,
To once more smile upon her throne
And hail the budding dawn.

Alas, she smiles, and fields aglow
With flowers the sweetest seem to grow
In vales and mountain side ;
And all the prospect blooming round,
And groves are vocal with the sound,
Where birds in merriment abound,
To swell the joyous tide.

She gave the hills a crown of flowers ;
She gave a vernal hue to bowers,
And graced the many plains.
We hear her footfall in the streams,
Her voice in birds that sing serene,
Her life in every leaf of green,
Her smile in morning's flame.

MIND IN AMERICA.

MIND in America is free ;
It has no prison walls,
No hand of state to guide,
No church that dares provide
Those old and cruel thralls.

Mind is the gift of God,
The mental life of man,

The part that cannot die.
Its Giver from on high
Hath wrought it in his plan.

America we love to hail,
For here we see its power,
Here mind can praise its God,
It has no sovereign rod—
Free all and every hour.

Mind is the mine of wealth,
It should by right be free ;
It guides the guardian hand,
The watch-tower of our land,
The rock of liberty.

Mind is a realm that every man
Has free for his own good,
His duty first to sow the seed
To make a rich and fruitful mead,
Or all those duties should.

To keep America so free
Where mind can have its sway,
What must these sovereign people do
To have the path made clear and true
For all the coming days?

The church, the school, the press we say
Have made our nation great,
But patriotism, which is love,
For country, home, and God above,
Will also save the state.

THE THOUGHT OF OLD AGE.

“COULD I once more to youthful age return
And have that cheek that long with health
did burn !

Oh, for a world to ransom back the days
Of toil already spent undue of praise !”
This was the wish my aged father gave
A few short weeks before he filled the grave.
I well remember the glad year that came
For me to vote, and rights as man to claim ;
And we to Kingstown went, and I think passed
The polls together—the first time and the last,
If memory serves me well. For he was old,
And I was young, with mind all new as gold.
I well remember him ; he stood among
A large concourse of people, old and young ;
He gazed around for faces once he knew.
They passed before him, for he saw but few
Of those that used to meet town-meeting days,
And greet each other with their usual ways.
I stood and looked upon my father there,
Who once was strong, robust, and very fair ;
Now bent with age and work, and spirits low,
For one and all the scythe of time will mow.
He still stood looking as I came within
His gaze, perhaps a rod or so from him.
He said, “ Well, Jeffery, can this be you ?
The only face I ’ve seen I really knew,
Except my neighbors, and they are not here.

The hill looks natural, but things do n't appear
As did some fifty years ago or more,
For then I knew full half that passed before
Me; but now how few I seem to know.
But age, you see, has made things thus and so."
Is this our fate, is this the young man's lot,
By his own friends, when old, to be forgot?
The younger generations taking lead,
And of the older paying little heed?
Let every youth deep reverence pay to age,
For such we'll want in the last pilgrimage.

ETERNITY.

AS early daylight swept o'er the field
And filled the valleys with a sleepy mist,
A worthy thought to my weak mind revealed—
How in eternity should we exist?

Shall we be there, as countless ages roll,
To view the splendor and rejoice therein?
Or will each be a sad, dejected soul,
Forever laboring under awful sin!

Shall we behold forever things as grand
As the sweet promise on the golden page,
Where the eternal holds a welcomed hand
To all the world, the same from age to age?

For well we know eternity is one
Vast space, which thought nor limit bounds, but
how
Shall we this future spend, where there's no sun
To set upon our joys or troubled brow?

Now will there be no foreign shores to hail,
A desert with no cool, reviving stream,
A torrid sky with no refreshing gale,
A realm unnoticed by the Eye supreme?

Or will we meet with Him who held the sea
Within His hand and formed the planetary state?
Will not we think, then, vast eternity
Is none too long to live with Him, so great?

STATUE OF COLUMBUS UNVEILED IN
CHICAGO.

THE man of oceans and of worlds,
Of continents and nations great;
The man whose wisdom spanned
The earth around and planned
The course to navigate and find
Those western shores, is here unveiled
In marble for mankind to hail.

Great country of our own, from shore
To shore we render heartfelt praise

For him who was so good,
Yet little understood.
In life his fate so harsh, unjust,
Which almost brings a world in tears
To think upon his last, sad years.

The crowning glory of his day
Was battling with the ocean's might.
Their vastness was no fear,
Their tempests drew no tear,—
The waves, the wind, the awful storm
Were managed with a will and power
That made him conqueror every hour.

These vast United States cannot
Extend a praise that's not his due ;
No flag that is unfurled
Upon the western world
But what great homage owes to him ;
No land nor government so great
But what they owe to him the state.

How can we praise his glorious name
Who has the first right to his fame,
More than the world at large !
It all has him in charge.
All will his lasting victory tell,
And all will lend some day a hand
To build his monument so grand !

Where shall it stand ? I see its dome
Lift up to cloudland by the main ;

Flags of the western world
Around it all unfurled;
Upon its top-most crown a ship
Of gold, with bows thrown off to sea,
Our hero at its helm with Liberty!

MASSASOIT'S ARRIVAL IN NEWPORT.

'T WAS midday and the seas were rough,
Late by the storms annoyed,
And vision far beyond the bluffs,
To keenest eyes destroyed.

But tars impatient scan the bay,
Some inbound sail to spy,
When presently o'er waves away
A sea-tossed craft descri.

They watch amused to see it glide
The billows as they rise,
Then lost between the rolling tide
To all discerning eyes.

How strong the arms must be, they say,
To push it on so fast,
For swift it speeds through ocean spray
And on against the blast.

Some said they knew the sachem's boat,
And some had seen the king;

They all declared 't was him afloat,
Some earnest deed to bring.

And when its bows the breakers prest,
For then each one could see
'T was Massasoit, ever blest
In memory of the free.

The news then filled the little town
That Massasoit was near,
And all the people soon came down
To see the king appear.

The royal boat unbannered ploughed
The billows high and grand,
A few more strokes, he beached its bows
Upon the beaten sands.

OUR ASSASSINATED GARFIELD.

COLUMBIA'S shore now mourns for thee,
Our virtuous son of sweetest fame,
What tribute must from sea to sea
Be given to thy most gracious name!
All bent in sorrow o'er thy bier,
We drop each one a heart-felt tear,
And memory long will hold you dear
Through centuries on.

Thy death has sorrowed every heart
Within the Christian lands around,
To think thy God-like life must part
Before thy brightest days are crowned.
But God knows best. His wisdom's past
Our mortal keen, like oceans vast
Are all his ways ! bless him who hast
His love and song.

THE FRENCH ASSISTING AMERICA.

WHO can forget ten thousand brave
Who crossed the broad Atlantic wave,
Our Liberty of old to save,
From kings unjust
Who fought to keep us down as slaves,
Then fight we must.

We turn our proud historic page
Back to that long illustrious age,
And see the names that were engaged.
And read their deeds.
With them we battled England's rage
On sea and mead.

And first of those we honor yet
Was the immortal Lafayette ;
And Rochambeau we ne'er forget,

For them we owe,
While *Diestaenge's* proud deck was wet
From carnage flow.

De Grasse, too, is bright in fame,
For he struck terror to the main,
And George the Third did fight in vain
His ships of power.

Let freedom's hilltops sound his name
Each day and hour.

The sterling hearts from foreign lands
That fell at sea and by the strand,
Deserve a flower from every hand,
And tongues to tell,—
Would we America command
Unless they fell.

Pause, freemen, and reflect and know
That we, in those dark days of woe,
Were struggling with a mighty foe
With power and will;
France saw our need and gave the blow
That fell to kill.

THE PATRIOTISM OF LAFAYETTE.

THE stately name of Lafayette
Stands as a mighty pier
Beneath the glorious bridge that spans
The chasm of our battle lands
To fields more rich and dear.

Ah, when the engineers of old
Drafted this structure grand,
Who then would come to give support
Much less to leave a royal court,
From honor, wealth, and land?

But Lafayette for freedom's cause
Crossed ocean broad and deep,
And volunteered with hands to hold
The piers and arch of pearl and gold
To make the cause complete.

These piers of gold and spans of pearl
Did rest on honored forms
Who fought in those illustrious days,
Or acted for the nation's praise
In state and battle's storm.

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

THE sword of Washington, I sing,
Immortal blade of yore,
Whose victory made creation ring,
And won for us the shore.

To-day that glittering arm is sheathed
Upon our walls of state,
While eighty millions stand to wreathe
And guard its memory great.

The victories this sword hath won
Can never half be told ;
Mountain that rises to the sun
And made of solid gold,

Could not our liberties have bought
As this old sword has done ;
Could not been with such laurels fraught,
And we no Washington.

But when we think of those grand days
When it began to shine,—
'T was when the world began to praise
The purpose and design.

All men looked on its infant beams,
Upon the Cambridge Heights,
And there with loyalty supreme
Did our great foes invite.

The night he crossed the Delaware,
With winter's storms abroad,
The foe at Trenton grief did share
From young Columbia's lord.

At Princeton, too, that sabre flash
A thousand looked, but fate
Came with the awful battle crash,
And England's loss was great.

At Flatbush long the hostile power
Cheered on the well-fought plain ;

At White Plains, too,—ill-fated hour—
The patriot fell in vain.

But Monmouth's long immortal fields
We never can forget,
Where enemies were made to yield,
For this brave sword was wet.

At Germantown and Brandywine
Its radiance flashed on high,
But royal arms swung back his lines
To flee or stand and die.

The summer's sun and winter's storm,
And changing seasons roll,
But yet the sword of Washington
Our destinies controlled.

And when the last great day had come
On Yorktown's shore afar,
And Lord Cornwallis was undone
With his aggressive war,

This grand old sword of glorious birth
Flashed 'round the world its beam,
And ever since has all the earth
Revered it as supreme.

This grand old sword of Washington,
Our priceless heirloom given,
Borne from the angry battle storms
By arms which fought for heaven.

THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN.

HOW proud we young Columbians feel
To have this grand old staff,
Whose usefulness had been with him,
In presence of Louis the king,
Acting in our behalf.

In those great days our nation then
Was young and wanted strength,
Its bulwarks were the souls of men
Whose patriotism was a gem
That shines the world's full length.

Young as we were, and brave in heart,
Our courage, too, was bold ;
But yet a helping hand was sweet,
And France held out one to complete
Those victories of old.

Franklin, when in the royal court,
Our early cause in hand,
With staff and cloak, himself a king
Who had our cause, and none but him
Could done so well and grand.

After the patriot arms had won
On Saratoga's field,
His cause began to take the form ;
For really men saw there was born
Something that would not yield

And France lent aid, and Franklin's faith
Was never dark nor drear;
Firm as the old staff which he bore,
That his United States would more
Than pay for blood and tears.

This staff assisted long the sage
Through his last walks of life;
We see him 'neath the tempest cloud,
While heaven with its red storm was loud,
Shaking the world with strife.

We see him 'neath the throne of France
Imploring for our state,
While his new shores with battle throes
Were agonizing with the woes
From George the Third, so great.

This grand old cane, yes, let it hang
A blessing to the free!
It's been with him through all the years,
When our great country thrilled with fears,—
Sweet gift to Liberty!

SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE FUTURE.

WE sit down 'mid the cares of life
And think what would become of those
Who may depend upon our hands.
As well as work's unfinished stands.
If we should leave the scene of strife.

•

But years roll in and cares grow more,
While age advances with a tread
More firm than Napoleon's power,
Or Sherman's mighty host that hour
When met the broad Atlantic shore.

What is a life but care and woe?
How can a summer harvest bring
Unless the sky is dark with storm,
And each green leaf is almost gone
Before the tempest or the blow!

Firm as our hold on life may be,
Yet some sad day our grip must fall,
And all our cares and works must cease;
Whether the soul find death or peace,
Our tide is ebbing out to sea.

So let our work and care each day
Come to a close as near as can,
Each morning with a hand to do,
Each evening with a prayer that's true,
That all be well when we go way.

THE LABORING MAN.

A HAPPY man is one that works,—
An adage long and true;
A man of misery, one that shirks
The things he ought to do.

I know it by experience,—
Such knowledge is the best ;
I thank the all-wise Providence
For His divine bequest.

A man gets married and begins
With nothing but his hands ;
He finds it takes the very vim
Of life to all withstand.

Or, if a man gets once in debt,
And meets with some reverse,
Then all his labors seem beset,
And then what can be worse !

The labor is not sweet at all,—
A thousand are so caught —
And happiness is dreadful small,
With strife and sorrow fraught.

But to be happy we must save
The pennies as they come,
To guard against affliction's wave,
That washes every home.

Not think we're rich when we have got
One hundred dollars free ;
But save right on, and never stop
Until it's three times three.

Then, if your labor pays you well,
Keep right along the same ;
Perhaps you've struck the vein that tells,
And fortune grace your name.

BOYS, BUY A HOME.

THERE is a home for those who toil
Waiting for them somewhere,—
Some pebbled stream, some healthful soil,
Some spot repaying care.

Some fertile glade where virtuous hands
Have not its worth destroyed,
Or some old home with orchard lands
Where labor once enjoyed.

I've seen a change in my old place
Since I was but a lad ;
Homes where no sorrow had its trace
Are now all lone and sad.

Those places now have all been sold.
By diligence I've got
A part of one by hard-earned gold,
Beside my playground spot.

And so you see these pleasant hearths
Were waiting then for me ;
Could I believe those homes of worth
Were fated so to be !

No, I could not ; but still I've saved
My dollars as they've come,
And kept myself a busy slave
Until I had a home.

And now my home is earned and free
For all claims there upon ;
I'm everywhere I want to be,
If it's to bed at morn.

I seek the shade in noontide heat,
I write and read and laugh ;
Nothing to urge from my retreat,
Unless some joy to quaff.

I hear not on my door at morn
A quick and hasty rap,
By some old surly, hoary form,
Before I've done my nap,

Inviting me some debt to pay.
No, no ; my boys, it's o'er ;
I sleep, if wish, to blooming day,—
Untouched my outside door.

Now do not think I mean to boast
Of my dependent life,
For wants come in some days by hosts
To lend my joys some strife.

I only want to tell you now,
Each one can treasure find ;
But to obtain you must allow
It's soothing to the mind.

Now try to let your paths some day
Be strewed with flowers of ease,
The world will seem more bright and gay
And joy our wants appease.

BATTLE OF RHODE ISLAND, AUG. 29, 1778.

IN Revolutionary days,
When these United States
Were taking form to be a land
Of principle and freedom grand
For children long to praise,

The king's strong fleet and army, too,
Lay in Rhode Island realm ;
His fleet on Narragansett Bay,
His troops on Portsmouth's hill away,
Ready to act and do.

Newport was pillaged of its food,
The farms of forage stripped ;
The cattle of a hundred hills
Were sent the royal arms, to fill
The foe in hostile mood.

DeGrasse's fleet was on the wave,
To conquer if they could,
While Washington and Lafayette,
With Sullivan and Greene, to get
Behind their camp, as brave.

A storm had swept the fleets to sea,
While yet the land force stood
With attitude of courage firm,
Each man, like walls or guns as stern,
Awaiting the decree.

While Washington, with wisdom great,
Planned the attack for war,
And crossed the Howland ferry bridge
And camped beyond upon the ridge,
His mighty foe to wait.

When soon the fatal gun was heard,
The battle blast was on ;
The royal host skirt every mead,
They rush, they press up, but to bleed,—
The depths of war were stirred !

Rhode Island's stanch militia fought,
Her troops were there, as well ;
New England's valor filled the field,—
Mighty to fight and hard to yield—
With early laurels fraught.

The English, also, knew that fight
Was their last quarter given,
For they were pent upon an isle,
And if their fortune should not smile,
Their hope was dark as night.

So every soldier of the king
Fought with a zeal and might,
And patriot arms began to feel
The fury of the British steel ;
For it was used with vim,

As closer, with determined power,
They press the patriot hills,

Until their lines must fall away;
For dreadful had become the fray,
And fateful was the hour.

Wise every day was Washington,
And hence he gave the field,
And royal banners crowned the hills
And soldiers with new life were filled,
For they had fought and won!

FATHER AT THE BATTLE OF STONING-
TON, AUG. 14, 1813.

BRILLIANTLY the day was setting
O'er the Pequot summer fields,
When 't was whispered, England's coming,
And all Stonington must yield!

Bravely stood one in the column
And looked on the ships of war,
As they sent the shell and rocket
To the burning town afar.

Valiantly stood all New England
In those angry days of strife,
And a power stood firm as mountains
'Round its freedom-loving life.

It was those stanch boys of battle
Who prepared themselves that day

To resist the mighty Briton,
If they landed for a fray.

But the war host never landed,
So the valor of the few
Never had a chance to thunder
Out their vengeance on the crew.

If they all had been like father,
Dreadful small a victory been ;
For he was as brave as could be,
Neither 'fraid of ship nor men.

And I do presume his comrades
Were of mettle like to him,
For we know it took brave soldiers
To encounter George the king.

And to speak no more of valor,
And to judge from one I knew,
England acted with the wisest
When her ships and men withdrew.

OUR NEW NAVY.

I N this great engineering age
Our country turns another page
Whereon to see.

And there we find 't is wise to make
A sure defence unto the state
While we are free.

It's not the deep intent at heart,
While we such measures do impart,
 Intending strife;
Oh, no. The day is past, it's gone;
We will not sound the battle horn
 Only for life.

These grand new steel-clad ships, so strong,
Whose majesty now lifts my song,
 Are but our pride.
May they no sure offence portend,
But only our defense and friend
 When foes decide.

May our wise statesmen ever hold
And fondle them, like dolls of gold,
 Within their arms;
Or let the skies above embrace
And wild storms rock them in the race
 When winds alarm.

A thousand keels may grace the wave,
A thousand bows the ocean brave,
 Peace to invite.
Humanity must be the strife,
Or mankind rising for its life,
 For them to fight.

On whatsoever main they roam,
May they reveal the light of home,
 So sweet and dear!

They 're built to voice Columbia's heart,
Her love and glory to impart,
Without a fear.

POTTER'S POND.

IN days gone by, at Perryville,
There used to be a pond,
Where passersby would seek their fill ;
Their horse, as well, was fond.

But fifty years ago and more
The water sank away,
And left its old, wave-beaten shore
With all its shapes to-day.

The weeds and grass have grown apace,
And stone walls also guard
This old, historic watering-place,
Of which has fate been hard.

The men whose works the nation made
When on the Pequot Path,
Like Franklin, on his pilgrimage,
And men of battle wrath,

Like Washington and Sullivan.
Of Schuyler and of Greene,
Who led the patriot union van
Through those deep, stirring scenes,

And doubtless these great men of old
Have turned their steeds to drink
Down the steep way, so rough and bold,
To its delightful brink.

GRANT AT FORT DONELSON.

A SOLDIER from a Western town,
When heard the news of war,
Laid all his daily labors down
To meet the foe afar,
And wildly mid the battle smoke,
With comrades brave he sprung,
And fought till their huge column broke
The rebel strength at Donelson.

Upon the banks of Cumberland
His battle-field was red,
The hillsides of his great command
Were quaking with his tread ;
But 'neath his feet the rebel flag
Fell down in battle done,
For 't was a world's insulting rag,
And could not live at Donelson.

The starry folds born not to die
On that tremendous field,
But destined to remain on high
Till soldiers all should yield,

Or long as they Grant's war horse see
 Bearing its rider on ;
They made the fields a jubilee,—
 The blood-stained hills of Donelson.

For twenty thousand rebel men
 Stack up their guns that day ;
The Union was too much for them,
 Though well they fought the fray.
Around the world his triumph rolled,
 A victory timely won,
For here secession's mighty hold
 Was rent away at Donelson.

SLAVERY.

DOWN deep into Columbian's soil
The germ of war had sent its root,
Mighty the tree that grew the while
 And far its poisonous branches shoot,
Until the fair hills of her fame
Were but the shadows of a name.
This awful tree was planted when
America enslaved its men.

This battle seed of long ago
 Had grown to mountain's strength and height ;
The broad fields of our new-born world
 Were doomed to grow its dreadful might ;

And who could battle down its power,
And who could lead the fearful hour,
For Freedom's heart must surely break,—
Her land for Freedom was at stake.

The great God of universal worlds
Looked down with kindly eyes on man,
Until he saw that every hope
Was lost in slavery's cruel plan ;
And soon the showing of his hand
Must be once more to save the land,
For he was God, and man was man,
And man and God fought slavery's plan.

His sad, deep hours of anguish long
Had fixed the limits of that shade
Of this tall tree. And it must fall
Upon the ground whose life had made.
And when he called his laborers on
To then avenge the nation's wrong,
The strife was well, for he was there,
And who against his judgments dare !

But high above the dreadful storm
The beam of justice could be seen ;
The North, the West, looked on, and knew
'T would turn by will of the Supreme.
The nation's sin a hundred years
Was doomed to cease, tho' blood and tears
Should flow the ground ; but slavery's sin
Must sink beneath the battle's din.

A hundred times ten thousand graves
Were not too much to ransom guilt
Which Freedom's loving souls did owe
To Afric's sons, whose lives they spilt ;
A hundred thousand mothers' tears,
And fathers', too, for loved ones dear
Were thrown into this gulf of strife,
As sacrifice for nation's life.

The slave was free, the storm was o'er,
The smoke of battle passed away.
Now all mankind with pride acclaim
The worth and greatness of that day.
Time cannot banish from the page
The country's crime of its young age ;
But God will surely lift the race
To hold, with all, its equal place.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP COLUMBUS,
JANUARY 18, 1884.

THE winter's wind was roaring loud,
The waves were rising to the cloud,
And awful strains were on the shroud
Night filled with woe ;
Death was not in the storm nor cloud,
But in an awfulness less proud
Down deep below.

And as the waves rolled from the rock
The mighty steamship took her shock,
And all her souls in death were locked

Among the waves.

And every scene their sorrows mock
And from their helpless grasp would walk

Above their graves.

Could old Columbus had the wheel
Whose name she bore, we trust and feel
That somehow rocks would shun her keel;

For storm could not

Deceive nor master nor conceal,
Nor ocean's mightiest waves reveal

A grander spot.

But tempest's awful wrath that night
Made ocean, land, and heaven affright;
For all the elements unite

The world to 'larm.

And in the battling of their might
Tremendous were their fates that night,

Helpless man's arm.

LOSS OF THE SCHOONER JOHN PAUL,
FEBRUARY 10, 1893.

THIS stately schooner, staunch and brave,
A mistress of the ocean wave,
So short a pride and boast.
Queen of the hurricane and storm,

Princess of tempest young and strong,
Lies shattered on the coast.

She fell not by the winter's wrath,
Nor met the cyclone in its path,
Nor dashed on shore by storm ;
The unseen shoal, the rock, the reef,
Were foes that brought her years to grief,
She struck them and was gone.

A St. Helena to her pride,
A Waterloo where glory died,
There fell her name so brave ;
Her scepter sheathed in ocean green,
Her banner never more to stream
Upon the sea's wild wave.

Victoria of New England main,
A name in every sea the same,
What did her strength command ;
But in that afternoon her life
Was doomed to cease with ocean strife
Upon Rhode Island strand.

Ship of New England genius strong,
Ship of our heart's sincerest song,
The ocean roams no more ;
Ship of the wilderness and mine,
The grandest of our modern time,
Now wrecked upon the shore.

THE LIFE BOAT'S RETURN TO POINT
JUDITH, FROM A GALE OF WIND 1885.

HAIL worthy life boat from the wastes
Of ocean broad where winds had chased
 'Mid realms of winter strife ;
Its fate was when the lost discern
Tempestuous, and of its return
 Was doubtful of its life.

For winter ruled the awful wave
And seemed no mercy had to save ;
 And noisy was the storm ;
But its return awoke the joys
For bringing back those gallant boys
 So valiant, young, and strong.

Now gallant life boat long we hail
Whose bows can smile beneath the gale,
 And glide the raging wave ;
For its return made every heart
Give praises to the boat in part
 Who did these heroes save.

WINTER.

WHEN awful winter breaths upon the plain
Like some blue monster filling all the sky
A thousand sorrows tend his annual slain,
And innocents beneath those sorrows die.

We would not criminate ourselves to ask
Why God ordained the summer life to groan
Where pleasure lives with happiness to bask,
And sings to elements so like their own.

As seasons roll, life lives within the cloud,
And the sweet gales invite the waking earth,
Until the fields in tender green enshroud,
And all creation seems to leap to birth.

But when cold winter in white doth appear,
While million shafts on sightless wings descend,
Piercing the heart of those gay seasons dear
Until the life on every prospect rends.

MY OLD HOE.

FAREWELL, my faithful, worn out hoe,
Your usefulness is o'er,
And now I am to lay you by
To never use you more.

You made the grass on many a field
Wilt in the summer sun,
The corn and the potatoes grew
When you were there among.

At morn, at noon, at night the same,
The world more rich for you,

Like some strong arm that 's laid to rest,
Like some one good and true.

Good-by, old hoe ! six summers I
Have used you in the corn,
And many a time I've thought your fate
Should never have been born.

OUR CONTINENT.

IT makes the patriot bosom glow
When he beholds his nation's chart ;
A thousand voices whisper low,
Preserve it, boy, with all thy heart.

The life blood lifts our courage high,
Prompted with loyalty and zeal
To stand by right, let others try
To dare intrude its common weal.

We look with pride on ocean's shores
Where proud Atlantic's billows fall,
To where the deep Pacific roars,—
Such frontage, we surpass them all !

No other nation in the world,
And scarce a record with us left,
Where nations could their flag unfurl
And claim an ocean east and west.

Those inland seas, those rivers broad,
Proud arteries of our continent,
No other fleet can o'er them lord
Unless consent by government.

Those mountains, wonders of the globe,
Lifting to cloud-land, cold and blue,
Drest in eternal winter's robe
With bases bright in summer hue.

Yes, brave, eternal, fixed for time,
The wrath of seasons and of storms
Cannot subdue; for power divine
Ordained and built their lasting forms.

Yes, prairies roll o'er states that would
Give honor to a monarch's hand;
The world's rich meadow-fields so good
With grain and oxen fill the land.

Our continent, the land of bread,
The home of liberty and life,
What foot can dare one fabric tread,
What sober mind engulf in strife!

While all is well upon its breast,
Now look again from sea to sea,—
Look north and south, look east and west,
'Tis but a camping land of free.

Proud continent, forever here
Composed of more than twoscore states,

Each one an empire, lost to fear
If foreign powers should dare its fate.

Now all combined, in strength and youth,
Will lead away with flags unfurled,
And make this continent in truth
The bannered nation of the world.

OUR PRESIDENTS.

FIRST on the scene great Washington
Appeared with sword and pen,
The loveliest hero of his land,
The noblest of all men.

Then Adams, with great powers of state,
Whose eloquence complete
Made his young nation's trembling fate
Stand firmer on its feet.

Then Jefferson, both great and wise,
Assumed the nation's helm,
A just reward for glorious deeds,
No grander in the realm.

Next Madison, with zealous hands
Assumes the White House chair,
And with the same high purpose grand
Looks to the nation's care.

Monroe, with dignity and grace,
Of patriotism long,
Steps in the elevated place
With courage stanch and strong.

And far and wide his mandate fell,—
Old England learned to kneel,
And found America could tell
Her how to use the steel.

Another Adams fills the chair,
The son of him so grand,
Whose life was marked by patriot care,
And loved by all his land.

Then Jackson next, a hero long
From bloody fields of strife,
And lived as brave, as true, and strong
As Ajax lived his life.

Van Buren then comes up before
The people with a stride,
And his command, from shore to shore,
The millions all abide.

Next Harrison, one month in power,
When Tyler takes command,
And progress fills the flying hours
Of this most happy land.

Polk next appears, but slavery's seed
Began to blossom fast ;

The wisest could not well proceed,
For 't was against the blast.

Then Taylor comes in but to die,
And Fillmore takes the chair;
He fills the cup of slavery's wrath
And bondsmen to despair.

And Pierce arrives, New England's boy,
With shackles for the slave,—
A servant in the South's employ,
Pledged hand its cause to save.

Buchanan, too, all lost to praise,
Commands the ship of state,
And war was fixing all the time
He held the trust so great.

Lincoln, the people's candidate,
Assumed the high control,
And mad secession fix their fate
And fast the war clouds roll.

They would not stand the Northern will,
They broke the pledge of old,
And dared the Union's blood to spill
And trample down the folds.

But slavery fell, the Union stood,—
Four years the carnage flowed;
All hail to those, the brave and good,
Our nation's strength bestowed!

But Lincoln, martyred for his deeds,
The last shot of the strife ;
His blood on those that did secede,—
Great God knows every life.

Johnson, less noble and less wise,
Fills the lamented place ;
But soon distrust in all men's eyes
And wrong things come apace.

Grant comes, the conqueror of the war,
On Fame's red chariot borne,
With plumes of glory and a star
From bloody conquests torn.

Hayes, the meek and patriot son,
Succeeds a Cæsar's chair ;
His rule in state with purpose strong
For all his country's care.

Garfield rides in with pomp and power,
But falls before the blade.
And Arthur nobly takes the hour
With honor strong and staid.

Cleveland, the mighty without deeds,
Takes hold with courage strong,
And valiantly the land proceeds
To march sedate along.

Next Harrison, a grandson brave,
Of that old chief of yore

Takes up the helm, but nothing grave
Appeared for him in store.

Cleveland again, the second term,
Comes like a cloud of storm,
And as a tempest just as stern,
All hope the day when gone.

McKinley next assumes in time
The presidential chair,
To stop the wreckage and the crime
That Cleveland's rule had shared.

LINCOLN COMING TO ILLINOIS.

THE winter storm had swept the plain
Like sea waves on the distant main,
And every field was cold ;
But o'er the blast-worn realm so wide
Some had a wearied train desried,
When skies to earth had rolled.

Before the eve had kissed the sky
The rugged prairie team passed by,
With stalwart oxen eight ;
A sober youth of giant form
With strength to battle every storm
Wielded the gourd so great.

With this display of rural worth,
From honest toil, from lowly birth,
 This mighty man of fate
Unyoked his sore-foot hungry herd,
His journey ended, and a word
 He hails the new-born state.

At morn he fell the rugged wood
Which skirted on the neighborhood,
 To build a house and home ;
He broke the prairie, split the rail,
By time the spring had filled the gale
 Or summer birds had come.

Long will the state of Illinois
And all the world with them rejoice
 O'er those that day moved in :
None but his Maker knew his worth,
'T was in his plan from earliest birth
 To raise the land a king.

As ancient Israel did of old,
Whose king was reared amid the fold,
 To fill God's way and will,
So out where corn and cattle grow
Where millions reap and millions sow
 Once more his purpose still.

In youth the mighty buffalo,
The panther, wolf, and bear, his foe,
 A hundred fears to chance,

But in the primal scenes came out
A man whose scepter should be stout,
Slavery's avenging lance.

High heaven may sing its victory won
Through this immortal farmer's son,
From poverty to power.
Yes! will our Lincoln's name long live
Among the mighty whom God gives
Till time's remotest hour.

THE HEART-BROKEN SLAVE MOTHER.

WAY down in slavery's ugly days
When crime was wild as ocean waves,
One deed survives for which to gaze
And wake our mercy for the slave.

This oft-repeated crime for years,
This auction block where men were sold,
Its depths of guilt so deep appears
That age dims not though deed be old.

One story to the memory clings
Enough for every heart to bleed,
So dark revolting that it brings
A tear before we scan the deed.

One day the wicked master said
That he sometime must sell some slaves,

For they were numerous to be fed
And what they brought himself might save.

Upon the block a mother brought
With her small boy a baby fair,
Within her arms he meekly sought,
Of course, for all his needs and care.

She smiled upon her infant lad
And he returned it with a kiss,
He knew not that her heart was sad,
For then his days were days of bliss.

A purchaser walked up and said :
“ I ’ll buy her for my girl, who will
I think be shortly wed,
A list of gifts she ’ll nobly fill ;

That little brat I ’ll give away
For he ’s no good to me or her.”
A stander-by with spirit gay
Quickly said : “ I ’ll take him, thank you, sir.”

The mother heard the bargain made,
And soon the tears gushed warm and fast ;
Her arms more firmly round him laid
And kissed him thrice within that grasp.

That night she and her little son
Were resting in their usual place.
Her arms were loosely round him flung
While he her bosom sweetly graced.

When slumbers had her eyelids closed,
And dreams were rampart o'er the mind,
That stealthy man-thief, unopposed,
Stole that loved boy of humankind.

The mother wakes by time 't was dawn
And fondles round to find her boy.
With great surprise she found him gone,
Her only hope, her only joy.

One shriek, one moan, one stroke of grief,
Pervades that dying mother's heart.
She falls. And death with fingers brief
Does up its work and life departs.

And she upon her pillow lay,
A heart-broke mother, for a crime
That her offender ne'er can pay
Through all eternity and time.

Now where 's the boy, the next will say?
Was he the story ever told
Of his dear mother's awful day
When she in slavery was sold?

Could he but know her fate, or we
Might know the fate of him, and grasp
His rugged hand which now is free,
As warm as mother used to clasp.

But fate has sealed, we cannot know,
But one thing sure is in our power,

To use the stranger well, and show
Regard for all we meet each hour.

I cannot meet one of that race,
A stranger unto me, of course,
But what this tale confronts my face,
And holds my heart with might and force.

For 't would be peace to use that man,
With more than just respect and love,
For such we owe, if we should scan,
That cause of crime long disapproved.

We owe it for his mother's sake,
We owe it for humanity and right,
And as a people, which would take,
The sure foundations to unite.

We owe it to ourselves, for great
And mighty crimes soften the heart
Of man, when he doth contemplate
And thank his God he 's had no part.

LOPE DE AGUIRRE'S MOST DESPERATE
ACT IN STABBING HIS DAUGHTER,
FEARING SHE MIGHT FALL INTO
THE HANDS OF HIS PURSUERS.

WHEN Spanish tyrants swooped upon
The new world coast, no vulture's greed
For prey was more complete, for wrong
And bloodshed showed everywhere their deed.

This foul, dark leader of a band,
Whose hands red rapine dared to do,
Had massacred till all the land
Long shrieked with terror from the few.

When royal troops pursued his host
But to avenge his bloody crimes,
His flight was past ; no grave or coast
Could shelter him and his designs.

This wicked man his girl had brought
Through all his scenes of slaughtering strife,
His own dear child, but rage soon taught
Him more to love her darling life.

And when he knew his awful days
Must end, for death his foes decreed
On him, and none could live to praise
His own last wild life's struggling deeds ;

Then to his own fair daughter said :
“ You, too, must die, or live for men
More bad than I, when I am dead ;
For see, my foe has filled the glen.”

And with his dagger, grips her arm
And thrusts it to her heart ; she bleeds,
And faints in death. Her sire then warms
The strife with cheers, till massacred.

THE MOTHER AT THE CRUCIFIXION.

JOHN 19 : 25.

[This piece was influenced largely by reading "Stabat Mater."]

THE shrouded sun o'er Judea's hills
Made every heart of nature thrill
With silence great.

For mortal mandate was supreme
And only heaven could intervene
Against the state.

For there upon Golgotha height
Both earth and heaven were to unite
In one great scene ;
It was the death upon the cross
Of Him to save the world from loss,
With power supreme.

'T was He whose birth dethroned a star,
And shepherds saw it from afar
Before the morn.

'T was midnight ; and all Bethlehem
Was shining with the diadem,
Jesus was born.

In manger where the cattle fed
First lay His little sainted head
On mother's arm ;
But in His hand a sceptre lay,
The wickedness of men to slay,
And save from harm.

If all would but believe in Him,
As being more than man or king,
 Life to impart ;
A power to banish guilt away,
And to restore eternal day,
 Was in His heart.

Such was the victim for the cross,
Such was the dreadful shame and loss,
 To wicked men.
But such the act for that great age,
The crowning crime of every page,
 But such the plan.

But did the mother know the will
Of Him that sent her son to fill
 The promise given ?
If so, that loving hand must bound
Her heart deep with affection wound,
 None know, but heaven.

But all that 's mortal of her soul
Broke forth in tears beyond control,
 For Him, her boy
Who was to die without a crime,
Her darling, and her son divine,
 Heaven and its joy.

How was her heart with anguish tossed,
To see Him raised upon the cross
 And see His tear ;

None but a mother's breast can feel
That love, that sympathy, and weal
For children dear.

He looked upon her brow of pain,
His heart for her was sore aflame
To see her grief.
Then turning with despair, He cried:
"Father, with me come and abide,
It's my belief."

The skies then shook, the earth vibrates,
All heaven stood at the pearly gates
His hand to grasp.
The mountains bowed, the rocks were rent,
And darkness filled the firmament,
And all was past.

OUR NATION'S DESIGNMENTS.

OUR glorious ancestors once said:
Now let us build a nation great,
For here a land that can be made
Into a free and Christian state.

If we will only fix the base
On which to set our hopes so high,
Then be as martyrs for a race
If George the Third should dare defy.

And as we set the corner bounds,
And the foundation walls so new,
Let every day with truth be crowned,
That all our efforts may be true.

May God look from His starry home,
To give us guidance, day by day,
Until the harvest hour shall come
With sheaves and blessing long to stay.

Those great Americans then built
The bulwarks for a hemisphere,
And said : Let every vein be spilt,
As sacrifice for freedom here.

And to put forth those mighty strides,
They must assume the helm command,
And to control—a gulf more wide
Must open 'twixt their motherland.

But to complete that primal thought,
So brilliant in the century past,
And with such earnestness been fraught,
How deep our reverence and how vast !

First mighty Henry fired the state,
From old Virginia realm of worth ;
Then Adams made New England great
And shouts a nation must have birth.

But who shall plan the field of strife ?
John Adams said, “ George Washington.”

The provinces revived to life
And took the musket, one by one.

While Franklin crossed the seas to find
A friend in France, whose helpful hand
Proved but a friend to all mankind,
From every clime, from every strand.

And Morris, too, whose great, good name
Put forth his gold the strife to aid,
And others, with less brilliant fame
Assisted, and the nation made.

How now for those who bravely bore
The heat of day, and died to save
The freedoms of the New World's shore
From its last deep, untimely grave?

Where is the note of praise to touch?
Where is the harp for us to sound?
What heart can give to them too much,
Or fail with sweetest memories crowned?

A thousand fields may hold their dust,
Old Ocean guard their bones with care,
But we must keep that sacred trust,
No jot or tittle it impair.

For these are not liberties that we
Can squander, and convey away,
But hold; that children may be free,
And mighty in the coming day.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS, BEGINNING AT
THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.

WHEN Genius twangs his silver bow,
What soul can his high call refuse
To listen, as he makes aglow
The spirit of a youthful muse,
And more especial when he sees
Progress had started at the morn
To fling his banner to the breeze !
When our great Washington was born,
He made the Nations bow,
He built a Nation more,
With freedom did endow
To spread from shore to shore.

Upon Mount Vernon's hills the plan
Was laid on that immortal day,
That then a nation and a man
Were born to hold the grandest sway
That ever graced the mighty earth,
Or gave to suffering mortal hope !
The then Colonial realm gave birth
And all its galling chains were broke.
But royal eyes were dim ;
They could not see the plan
That this did mean, no king,
But chiefs chosen by man.

But Progress saw the glorious star
Break forth in splendor on the skies,

To mortal vision 't was too far,
And far too dazzling to the eyes ;
He leaned upon his wand of gold
And looked abroad the continent,
As thoughts in his deep bosom rolled
Upon its future government.
His soul in silence heard
The pent up voices sound,
His breast with glory stirred,
His gems of worth unbound.

Let me display my jewels now—
For this will be a land of mine,
And young America endow
With arts that seem of gifts divine !
But yet did Progress know that war
Would rend almost his land in twain ;
But yet he saw his future car
Rolling in triumph o'er the plain.
And as the years go by,
He points us fields anew,
The lightning from the sky
As servant for us drew.

Now steamships roam the awful deep,
Swept by his mightiest gem of worth,
And iron steeds with hoofs so fleet
That skim like shadows o'er the earth.
All this the land of Washington
Within a century has made ;

All this for us his victories won,
All this upon his birth was laid,
And Progress loves his land,
He loved it then and now ;
He's gathering with his hand
More laurels for our brow.

WASHINGTON WITH THE FATE OF AMERICA.

A MERICA, where was thy fate
When waveclouds spread the shore ?
Did Washington, the chief of state,
Have your sweet life in store ?

Did Washington hold in his arms,
And fondle with his love,
This germ that every bosom warms,
This cause of Heaven above ?

The world acknowledges he did,
His enemies acclaim,
He acted as Jehovah bid,
He fought without a stain.

In the reverse of battle might
On White Plains he foresaw ;
At Flatbush, too, he left the fight,
'T was wisdom to withdraw.

At Brandywine and Germantown
He kept the cause in view,
He fought that victory might crown
His efforts just and true.

All winter in that freezing camp,
At Valley Forge he holds
Our glorious cause with dying ranks,
Or sick, heart-broken souls.

Yet with a stanch, unfaltering hope
He trusts that heaven will smile,
For dawn comes when the night is broke
The world to reconcile.

And as the dark, cold hand of woe
Was risen o'er his camp,
He saw the vast, uplifted blow
To aid his stricken ranks.

With hope anew, with banners high,
He dares the field once more,
And plans, and fights, and fortifies,
Till battle days were o'er.

And on the fatal Yorktown hill
Our fate resplendent shone,
Its brilliancy the world did thrill,
Its glory was our own.

There from the hands of Washington,
He gave it to his land,
And we transcend it to the sons,
And they it must command.

THE UNION MUST NOT DISSOLVE.

SOME say the Union will dissolve,
The stateshood tie be broken,
The cause for which to be involved
Nobody yet has spoken.

But one great cause I will declare,
Why it shall never sever,—
It is because each owns a share
And all will keep it ever.

The children of New England blood,
The Western boys will cluster,
Six months this side of either flood
For honor's sake will muster.

Such men I mean as manhood claims
One spark of patriot glory,
Who loves his brother's free domain,
And hears the ancient story,

If forty farmers should agree
To bind themselves together,
And pledge their lives whate'er it be,
To protect one another.

Now forty states, or more or less,
Stand bound, stand free united,
When foes may dare one to oppress,
To rid the same we 're plighted.

Dissolve ! why this unwritten law
 Binds us happy, makes us free,
Children, lovers not of war,
 Children, friends of liberty.

Dissolve ! why that imperils home,
 Our wealth, our graves, our glory,
Our children will in truth see come
 A foe to rend their story.

The European map will never
 Guide the loving patriot's breast,
For European rule did sever
 Every hope of Christian rest.

Dissolve the Union ! why the boys
 And all the girls are trying
To make their nation, so their joys
 Will brighten stead of dying.

Dissolve the Union ! wicked thought !
 Insane is such believing,
Destroy the toil a century wrought,
 The thought sets all a-grieving !

The fathers they are struggling hard
 To make their children cherish
The glorious name we hold abroad,
 To never let it perish.

The children with contented gaze
 Look on the school books pleasing.

And bound each commonwealth with praise,
And learn them without teasing.

Strength, the glory of all men,
The glory of a nation,
And long as reason is our gem,
We'll guard the constitution.

The school-boys on their maps now ponder
O'er the mountains, streams, and lakes,
Then Alaska way up yonder
Feels sometime 't will be a state.

Yes ! each breast is silent lifting,
Silent loving, silent knowing
That their country is still drifting
Onward, upward, ever going.

And each father, mother, brother,
Sister, and of them who come
Proudly says, we'll hold together,
And have one united home,

Have a home where armies never
Can swoop down and make us slaves.
Yes, we are trying and we'll ever
Be a nation strong and brave.

NATIONAL ELECTION DAY.

HOW vast the labor, and how great
When this proud Nation pours,
Her suffrage for a magistrate,
To rule from shore to shore.

How vast the day's work is, when done,
In every point of view !
But let us first behold the ones
Who all the business do !

When thirty million men prepare
Themselves to vote that day,
Each true heart hoping they will wear
The plumage of the fray.

Look on the broad Atlantic shore,
A hundred cities go ;
And on the vast interior, more
Than twelve times this can show.

The gulf, the lakes, the western deep,
The proud Pacific bounds,
A million homes where mountains sleep
Upon their duty found.

A thousand rivers and their banks,
Rejoicing in the day ;
Ten thousand valleys join the ranks,
Ten thousand hills obey.

And all the realm becomes astir,
When thirty millions move,
The highest gift on him confer ;
Let christendom approve.

And of our day's work see the power,
Entrusted to the hand
Who happily may gain the hour,
Their country to command.

No king beyond the seas can boast
Of such a realm as ours ;
From tropic waves to arctic coast,
From snow to land of flowers.

And all the realm with one intent,
And on one day they make,
Some citizen a president,
To rule four years its fate.

THE AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

MAY I compare this great event
Unto an awful storm and blow,
That swept with force the continent,
More than a hundred years ago !

It overturned, as were the trees
That were of an exotic birth,
No plant that's set by king's decrees,
Could flourish then and grow to worth.

All laws, all rule from loyal hands,
Were doomed at certain time to go ;
The storm had pierced the fertile land,
And struck the tender roots below.

When sprouts began to green again,
They sprung from where freedom had sown
Our tears and blood, their earliest rain,
Our lives we paid for them our own.

For this example, too, the world
Thinks on what slippery ground it stood,
The power of kings' might instant hurled
It ever from the brave and good.

But when we asked the mother throne,
For independence and for power,
To be dissolved and stand alone,
She met us in the battle's hour.

Three mighty kings fell on that throne
Which turned a favor to our fate,
And soon we wrenched this land, our own,
From off the battle-fields so great.

These kings that gave us hope and strength,
May thought some day to see us fall ;
They thought rebellion had its length,
And they would then our land enthrall.

How little did they seem to know,
On what foundations we should build

The cause they 'd crushed out years ago
Was the same cause our hearts now filled.

That cause was freedom of the mind,
To speak and act for other's weal;
And have a land where all mankind,
Should in the common interest feel.

Their theme worked well; may God long bless
The fathers of our nation great,
For by their wisdom, blessedness
Has come to mortal's low estate.

THE AX, PLOW, AND SPADE.

I write of the ax, plow, and spade,
Their labors we cannot 'confine,
We know our great nation they made
And long with the nation will shine.

Two centuries ago we decreed
The forest must fall, and the vale
Be filled with the maise and the seed,
With the scent of the fruit on the gale.

The hills where the giants of old
Have waved in their grandeur so strong
Did fall, and the cities behold
The ax and its labors so long.

While the plow, the king of the fields,
No thought can encompass its worth,
It's linked to the joys that it yields
The same as the sun to the earth.

The spade we now rally around
For science has made it its base,
And with laurels of wealth it is crowned,
Our nation its labor has graced.

Then shout for the ax, plow, and spade,
Combined make us happy and free,
We plow where the use of the blade
Has cut down the old forest tree.

Then hail to the ax, spade, and plow,
We cannot express, but can try
To praise them if reason allow,
Our bounties their use does supply.

Then hail to the plow, spade, and ax,
On their worth the nation now stands,
When our grip from their handles relax,
We must fade like mist from the land.

MY MOTHER'S ROBIN.

MY mother's robin sings once more
Upon the mulberry by my door,
As he has done in years before
When life was sweet,

When not a sigh of grief was o'er,
Or round my feet.

The evening sky his voice would fill,
The morning hush would hear him still,
Proclaiming his sweet notes until
The sun was high ;
Again he comes with joy and will
Till leaves shall die.

She used to call me when he sung
To listen till our cares would come,
For music flowed from off his tongue
So rich and deep,
That fairly all surrounding rung
With joy complete.

He'd sing when dawn o'erspread the skies,
He sang to bid morning rise,
He sang to close our weary eyes
To needful rest ;
How sad when this loved herald flies
For other's guest.

Now there's no mother ear to greet
His little song so loud and sweet,
No one to watch his tender feet
Upon the lawn.
He sings, but all seems incomplete
At eve and morn.

Near twenty years of life now fled
Have seen this bosom cast with red
Pouring his song when spring had spread
 His map of green,
And laughing in the skies o'erhead,
 With smiles serene.

May long he come to hail the day,
And sing to greet the sunset's ray,
At noontide he to bask and play,
 And roam the fields,
And watch the sunny hours away,
 Till day shall yield.

When Nature's chilly voice proclaims
For him to quit the autumn plains
And soar where warmer sunshine reigns,
 And groves to charm,
May he return to me again
 As spring comes warm.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

THE whip-poor-will, a harmless bird,
 With harp of God's own make,
Began to play as evening fell;
And every echo of the dell
 Immediately did wake.

The song so rich, so sweet and gay,
 All nature seemed to hear;

The branches with the leaf half grown,
The roses with the bud half blown
In silence seemed to cheer.

The moon's delightful shadows fell
Across the field of song,
Nowhere but what the night was gay,
Nowhere but what his precious lay
Was ringing loud and strong.

The hills where once primeval woods
The weary steps trod there,
How beautiful it was to walk,
With jolly friends to laugh and talk,
But yet there was a care.

The silent voices of the breast
Invoked a prayer for Him
Whose little bird had made the night
The greatest source of our delight,
To hear him sweetly sing.

The cares which morrow's sun might bring
Weighed light within the scale ;
For who could slumber when a song
So rich, melodious, and long
Was filling fields and vale !

But bowing to superior laws
We must the night give in,
And leave the little bird in praise,
While my poor heart a prayer doth raise
To God who made him sing.

BENJAMIN HARRISON, 1886.

THE name of Harrison sounds well,
It's music in the ear,
Its echo rolls through every dell,
On every hill we hear
His glorious name.

We've heard of his ancestral stock,
In days when we were small,
His grandsire helped the world to shock
In Independence Hall,
So great in fame.

That deed so deep, sublime, and grand
No pen its import tell,
No tongue can voice the happy land
On which its influence fell,
Of untold worth.

In time a son was born to him,
No royal pomp attends,
But grew to be more than a king;
For freemen found him friend
From earliest birth.

Again the glorious name of old
Burst like a meteor's light
Through winter's skies so dark and cold,
To cheer the rayless night
Till more shall rise.

Beneath the rosy fingered arch,
On that November day,
New England millions took the march,
As freemen for the fray,
With shouts and cries.

The stanch old west beheld the dawn
With molten flags displayed,
The cold Nevada's snow-capped horns
Laughed 'neath the morning shade,
For proud were they.

And as the sweet Pacific dells
Were beaming with the light,
Those yoemen rang the Cleveland knells
Until they heard the fight
Had won the day.

AUTUMN WINDS.

THE chilly breath of autumn bears
A thousand deaths an hour,
To all the fields in beauty fair
In verdure and in flowers ;
The sparrow sits on naked limb
And tries his summer song to sing
In tune once more.

Oh, could he see the vernal feet
Of spring, fair maiden, come,

How would this little songster greet,
For she would cheer his home.
A thousand smiles would fall around
And green once more would be the ground
In vernal store.

But winter's icy hand will shake
Its scepter in the sky,
And all the charms of summer break
That partly round us lie.
Soon the white storm will fill the cloud,
And all the prospect deeply shroud
With saddest gloom.

When we behold the withered leaf
Fall from its fruitless bough,
The bough may moan o'er winter's grief,
But springtime will endow
It with a new green robe of flowers
And leaves to charm the sylvan bowers,
And joy untomb.

Not so when mortal loved ones go,
The roses of our hearth ;
They leave through annual rounds the woe
That blurs the joys of earth.
Spring will return, but mother dear
Will never come my home to cheer,—
Can it be so ?

A thousand homes now bear the grief
That is my lot to share ;

Oh, could she as the vernal leaf
Come forth in springtime's air !
How would we all rejoice again
With smiles as doth great nature's plain,
And all below.

But yet we know there is a land
Where seasons never harm,
And grief can never touch that band
Nor damp a heavenly charm.
There is the place to look for those
Whose lives did constantly disclose
The truths divine.

THE PLANET SATURN.

THOU little star in cloudland blue,
Now shining on my path of snow,
What hands gave thee thy silver hue
Of such unchanging brightness glow !

We read of thee in ages past,
When ancients watched thy nightly rounds,
And yet with all thy years so vast
Are still with beaming beauty crowned.

Around thee constellations roll
*Of mortal star-built form with shield,
As if to guard thy mighty soul
Across the vast ethereal field.

*Constellation of Orion.

“When God ordained us,” said the star,
“He gave us as a heritage,
His life, his brightness, and his law,
To shine for man through every age;

“One grand pulsation of his arm
Threw us afar in realms to be
His footlights and away from harm
And neighbors to eternity;

“And when he speaks our light will shut,
For all the worlds will him obey,
And he in glory then will set
And give to you eternal day.”

GRANT'S BURIAL HONORED BY HIS FOE.

WHEN Johnston and Buckner stood by the
tomb,

Where the nation's great hero was laid,
The nation was there, and deep was the gloom,
For the country like children was made.

While Sherman and Sheridan stood
In tears at the sepulchre door,
The four rolled the casket in place,
Their strength all united did grace
The deep, silent scene of Columbia in grief.

The men who had met with armies of power
In the dreadful contentions of strife,

Had met then in grief the country's sad hour,
O'er their hero's departure from life,
The sorrow of a people free.
Then stood united and in tears,
The world was bowed in silence great,
O'er him so vast in war and state,
For all mankind could truly hail him chief.

LIBERTY'S VISIT TO THE FAMILY OF
NATIONS.

WHEN war upon her realm had ceased,
And victory rung his silver knell,
She took her glorious wand of peace,
To visit where the nations dwell.

She knew their mighty gates were strong,
The turrets, too, were manned with power,
Oft had she passed them in days gone,
Reproved, dishonored, every hour,

But, earnest to see if her name,
Were in the circle far away,
Where spirits of the world's domains,
Hold festal rites and regal sway.

The summer had its beauty spread,
O'er her thirteen young commonwealths ;
Each one a maiden sweet and glad,
Each one with girlish blooming health.

And when the day, with lance of gold
Had pierced the orient skies so dark,
And all the realm, with day, beholds,
Freedom takes her immortal start.

The hills of Vernon rich with bowers,
The rivers, rolling gently by
With bank decked in a wealth of flowers,
Columbia's goddess mounts the sky.

And as she cuts the morning gale,
A plume would drop in every clime,
And realms her glorious flight would hail.
And greet her course so high, sublime.

She lifts with grace when worlds are dim.
And fading in her flight away,
She trusts upon her matchless wing,
To soar where countless planets lay.

When, lo ! she sees the deep green sphere,
Rising with grandeur and with grace ;
And sees her starry folds so dear,
Flaunt in their high appointed place.

There nations sit in conclave grand,
There hangs the shield of ages past,
There was her own, with every land
For more to come, the walls were vast.

Gently beyond the battlements,
She folds her wearied wings to rest ;

While spirits of the continents,
Hail her as one divinely blest.

In grandeur there sat hoary Time
With eyes undimmed by centuries long ;
With form gigantic and in prime,
And with the nation's holding song.

Some were of stature short, but fair ;
Some were with mighty years bent down ;
While others, deep with grief and care,
Wearing a pagan star and crown.

All for her young and gracious hand,
Reach out to grasp for honor's sake ;
For by her presence all felt grand,
To hail such handsome nymph of state.

She bowed to Time, whose hand was law ;
And thus addressing him she spoke :
“ Father, my long sad years of war
Have brought me empire, fame, and hope.

“ And may I so arrange with state,
To ever be beloved and good ;
For none can have the name of great,
Unless always with virtues stood ?

“ This sceptre is no grace to me,
Unless it's for defence and life ;
Our object is, get rich, be free,
And try to avoid all chance of strife.

“And as I gaze these ancient halls,
Long of renown, of thoughts less grand,
May I inspire some joy for all,
Some word for these that have command !

“For those that hold the helm of state
Must not be tyrants, nor be slaves ;
But steer for the most noble fate,
And try the multitude to save.

“For God demands from those in trust,
To be like Him in all their ways ;
For at our hands He will and must
Condemn us or reward with praise.

“And if we sin with knowledge given,
How can our nation’s glory stand ?
For nation’s sins, in sight of heaven,
Must sure be punished by His hand.

“My shield, my badge, my country’s pride,
That find their place on yonder wall,
God will remove when truth has died
And honors from our nation fall.”

Sweet Liberty sits down, and Time,
With reverence for his guest, bends low ;
Whose age can span the stars that shine,
And saw the heavenly system grow.

“Dear Madam, it’s with deepest joy
That I o’er this conclave command ;

That I may, to your sweet employ,
Offer my counsels and my hand.

“It’s not for me to judge in haste,
Nor tread once on your shield and crown;
But it’s a sorrow and a waste
For me to see empires pulled down.

“I’ve long been wearied to behold
Vast nations loose their grip and fall;
For ’t is those fatal sins of old
So oft have ravished these my walls.

“And as you by experience stand,
Forget not here how others fell;
For when the sceptre from thy hand
Is gone, the world may bid farewell.

“For God and all his minor powers
Know your foundations and how built;
He knows your wearied, lonesome hours,
The nights of pain, the carnage spilt.

“Your wisdom of unrivaled grace
Suit well this pleasant home and scene,
And will great God, with kindly face,
Look on your principle supreme!”

Young Liberty must now return,
And with a gracious bow to all,
She leaves the court with less to learn
And more to know by her short call.

And swift as streaks of morning light
She glides the firmaments at will,
And long before the starry night
She folds her wing on Bunker Hill.

THE BURIAL OF GRANT, AUGUST 8, 1885.

I CANNOT forget that long summer day
When I, reflective, sat alone, and heard
The mighty cannon thundering far away,
Whose many voices our New England stirred.

I'll ne'er forget that day, and millions more
Remember, too, that solemn day, like me,
As our great nation wept from shore to shore
O'er the last rites of him that fought us free.

The Nation's greatness was around his tomb,
A hundred cities, draped in mourning, wept,
A million hearths, like mine, were hushed in gloom,
A million homes heard prayer, and men unslept.

For each sad bosom knew his deeds too well;
The triumph of his arms had made them great,
And all there is within our souls must tell,
And rank him second both in war and state.

And so as life glides down its changeful banks,
Or as the generation silently decays,
We ne'er forget the burial of our Grant,
Whom years to come will never cease to praise.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

WHEN the springtime glads the hillside
And the birds begin to sing,
Under leaves all crisped and withered
Little purple buds begin
To rejoice beneath the sunbeam,
To make glad the naked bower,—
Little rugged, sweet arbutus,
Destined for the nation's flower.

What a record has thy story
When our nation's life began,
Early on that sacred morning,
When our fathers bravely ran,
'Neath their feet thy little blossom
Greeted them at daybreak's hour;—
Yes, a thousand mouths would answer,
This we call the nation's flower.

When they fell on that green meadow,
On the plains of Lexington,
Did their carnage give thy beauty
As it o'er thy petals run?
Or did morning hues and sunset
Paint thy blossom in that hour,
Knowing that the sons of freedom
Would install thee nation's flower?

Yes, the thousand eyes beheld thee
Twining 'round their swords and guns;

Eagles made those wreaths of glory,
For those first fell, valorous sons
Plucked thy tender blooms from mosses,
From the dry leaves of the bower,
From the hills of sweet New England,
For 't was then the nation's flower.

If the battle-fields could thunder,
If the dead could rise to tell,
If old ocean's brave, that slumber,
Could one mighty anthem swell,
All would shout for sweet arbutus
With an universal power;
Liberty would smile to sanction
It to be the nation's flower.

OUR BEST MEN.

SOME of our great are emblem of the stream
Which takes its rise in the remote unseen,
And struggles onward gathering every hour
In depth and volume and in current power,
Or plunging o'er the rocky cliff until
The voiceless wood does with its thunder fill,
Thence flowing onward growing day by day
Until its vastness seems the world to sway.

I mean that man is born of low decree,
In boyhood days he's small, he cannot see

Much import of a life, but living on
He finds a channel guiding him along,
Until the vastness of his power he feels
How many small things larger ones reveal.

Our best of men were once a rivulet gay,
Young, pure in life, and frolicsome in play,
Untaught to know as they pass down the vale
What springs of influence would unite to hail,
And bear them company the woods to cheer
Their onward march to something more sincere.

No man that 's born was ever born as great
As he will be some fifty years more late.
And whomsoever is born of full force
I would prefer to keep from out his course,
Nor trust my fate upon such reckless waves,
For treacherous might the channel be to save.

Man like the stream must first, be small then grow
And widen out, till the proportions show
That such a life from humbleness has come
Must humbly meet eternity's vast main.

Man is a stream in every sense and truth,
One in old age, and one in early youth,
Tho' grown to be a river and a power
From springs that meet him every day and hour.

All men start well, but somehow fate, or chance,
Or some tree falls to clog up with its branch,
While others seem to push the leaves away
And flow on gently, strengthening every day.

Man should begin his life first very small,
Much like the stream, round rocks and hillocks
 crawl,
And be obedient to the good that guides,
As narrow banks may push the little tide.
Yet ever laughing o'er its rocky bed
Nor cares at night to rest its joyful head,
But talking, walking, singing, onward go,
Gaining new power till broader manhood show.

THE INDIAN'S RETURN TO HIS BIRTH-
PLACE.

BENEATH an aged oak
When morning fields were gray,
They saw an Indian stand
With unstrung bow in hand,
Seeming in spirit broke.

The children hustle down,
They crowd the outside door,
From house to house they spy,
The people all ask why
The Indian came to town.

For long the time had been
Since these old forest lords
Had trod those happy vales,
Or scanned those hills and dales,
Long homes of other men.

But grandpa said, "Be still ;
I'll go and see the man,
For I remember well,
And can the story tell
When they lived on the hill."

The Indian said : " These scenes
Look very natural now.
I left them when a boy ;
To hunt was my employ,
And fish upon the stream.

" But you white men had come
And bought our lands away ;
Our king said we must go ;
It filled my soul with woe,
My boyish heart with pain.

" My father took the lead,
My mother followed on,
We children trudged behind
Upon the paths that wind,
And sick were we indeed.

" The years have rolled away ;
I've promised to return
And look once more upon
The spot where I was born,
And did in childhood play.

" This hillside was my home,
The hearthstone it is gone,

The wilderness is dead,
The vales with corn instead,
New scenes indeed have come.

“ But yet the distant sea,
The sand bank, and the pond,
The old gray rocks I’ve climbed
In summer and springtime,
Appear most dear to me.

“ The white man’s hand cannot
Disturb these old way-marks ;
They may up-turn the soil,
Hew down the wood by toil,
But time these scenes have got.

“ I never shall come more,
My day is almost past,
My arm once strong is weak,
My step is incomplete,
My vision not of yore.

“ I love these rugged scenes
My childhood spent among ;
But I shall look no more
Upon the fields and shore,
The hillside and the stream.

“ They ’re homes of other men,
I cannot hunt there now,
I ’m like this aged oak,
With limbs distort and broke
To never grow again.”

Grief rends his stony heart,
Tears roll upon his cheek,
His bow and arrow broke,
He left them by the oak,
With sorrow did depart.

AN ADDRESS TO THE EGYPTIAN OBE-
LISK ERECTED IN CENTRAL PARK,
NEW YORK.

COLUMBIAN'S' shore, proud relic, hails
Thy ancient presence to her stand ;
She thanks old ocean and her gales
For bearing thee from foreign land.

That thy gigantic brow might rise
Amid a realm of cities round,
Whose awful summit from the skies
Might watch again the peopled ground.

We trace along the stream of time,
Where its deep freighted waves have passed ;
Tho' flowing through another clime
We stand with awe o'er visions vast.

To think when first thy granite crest
O'erlooked the young vales then of earth,
They were the first where man was blest,
And first where art had sprung to birth.

Is not thy grandeur then of fame
The sweetest in our thoughts enrolled ;
And when we scan thy honored reign
The noblest deeds of earth unfold,

Could age's muse have been enthroned
Upon thy mossy brow to pen,
Oh, what a record would have owned
For the enduring use of men.

Thy mammoth form was borne from where
The rocks that Syene mountains grace,
Then floated down the Nile with care
And rose upon thy destined place.

Full sixteen centuries did'st thou stand
Before the temple's golden blaze,
When thou wast borne to other lands
To give to other deeds thy praise.

And then some nineteen centuries more
Thou stoodst to greet great Cæsar's fame,
Whose arms had conquered every shore
That girds the most remotest main.

Now here thou standst amid the free
On western shores so lately known,
Sprung up beyond a trackless sea
And to the highest glory grown.

Now watch for us, thou mighty spire,
O'er realms where vision holds command,

Until the last pulsation tire,
And all returns to desert sand.

Oh, couldst thou speak ! what worlds of love
Would from thy granite lips reveal.
What streams of hidden greatness pour,
Now evermore to man concealed.

Thou once hast seen Sesostrus' car,
Drawn by his conquered kings of earth,
Whose nations he had bled in war,
Once famed for honor, power, and worth.

Thou sawst his kingdom crumble down
Like sandhills in the whirlwind's power ;
And many another as bright crown
Wilt, like the tenderest summer flower.

Thou, too, hast seen the Nile's dark wave,
Thronged with the fleet of many a king.
And history has forgot the brave,
And bards cannot their triumphs sing.

And oftentimes around thy base
Has war's red chariot rolled with speed ;
And every century kings would grace
Thy ancient realm with mighty deeds.

Oh, what a change the years have seen,
Since thy stupendous form was raised ;
The valleys and the plains then green,
And thriving nations gave thee praise.

Thou 'st watched the generations die ;
Thou 'st watched the season's endless birth,
Until around thee deserts lie,
And man and cities bowed to earth.

And Time's unconquered arm had swung
His hoary sceptre o'er thy fields,
All but thy own strong life succumb,
That human genius had revealed.

And now again in western worlds,
Thy granite structure reared once more,
To watch Time, as his arrows hurl,
Along our grand Columbia shore.

Thy mossy foot now treads our lawn,
By times the morning dews are dry ;
But Hope and Progress fill the morn,
And Peace enshrouds the purple sky.

She sits enthroned on hills of gold,
Round whose foundation is the dust
Of heroes, whom our sphere controlled,
For God in judgment said they must.

And Freedom, too, is round thy base,
Sounding her harp of heavenly strain ;
And all the far-off human race
Rejoices in her precious name.

Now guard us, grand old shaft of fame,
Thou 'lt find us but a nation young,

A century's smile is on our plains,
Our future is by bards unsung.

Now watch us till the years shall turn
Our fertile fields to desert sands,
The fate of eastern shores to learn,
Is left at thy supreme command.

And when our last sad morn appears,
And freedom's shrine be torn away,
Bend down, and from our land in tears,
Seal it upon thy brow to stay.

There will the loyal eagles light,
With wreaths of ever-blooming flowers,
With thee, companion of the night,
Through all eternity's sad hours.

Then watch us as thou watched of yore,
The fate of other lands to see.
Watch these sweet, peaceful, sunny shores,
The bannered shores of liberty.

THE WONDERS OF ETNA.

WITH all the wonders of that Hand
Which made the plains, the hill, and shore ;
In all His works may Etna stand
Supremè, unrivalled evermore.

These awful piles of earth that rise
 Burning in cloud-land's distant heights,
With girdling zones ascend the skies
 Of deserts, flowers, and winters white.

Around its summit glaciers shine,
 While torrid flame burns in the storm;
Untrod, unsought, high, and sublime,
 The battling elements keep on.

Warm streams roll down the mountain side,
 Reviving nature's thirsty soul,
As if eternal hands preside
 To make the scene complete and whole.

Grand and alone, eternal stands
 Upon its wave-girt pillars deep;
Its awful thundering shakes the strand;
 Its awful flame in cloud-land keep.

This pile of rock and flame so vast,
 Great watch tower of Sicilian clime;
Long will our wonderment be cast
 Upon its awfulness sublime!

THE OLD SHIP CONSTITUTION.

THE old Constitution, the ship of our glory,
 So long in defense of the nation has been,
We cannot forget her, so sweet in the story,
 Whose cannon have wrought such victory for men.

We cannot remember the days of her worth;
But her battles yet live on the page of the free,
The blood on her decks is the pride of the earth,
The fame of this warship the pride of the sea.

Her name to New England is sweet as the rose,
She's dear to the South for her battles to save,
The new sovereign West her pride has disclosed
For the ship of the battle, the ship of the wave.

Ten thousand new voices now ring the broad nation
To save the old vessel from wreckage once more,
Her name and her fame are in part a salvation,
While Liberty honors from shore unto shore.

Raise high o'er the vessel the stripes and the stars
Which she bore from the battles in days that are
gone;
Keep her long a memento, a gem of the wars,
A relic that always our country will 'dorn.

THE STRANDING OF THE KEARSARGE.

ON RONCADOR REEF, IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA, TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY MILES FROM PANAMA. SHE SUNK THE ALABAMA NEAR CHERBOURG, FRANCE, SUNDAY, JUNE 19, 1864.

THE mighty warship, Kearsarge great,
In naval war so sweetly sung,
When o'er the land the battle cloud
Was lowering down with voices loud
Of treason, death, and war.

Too well the Union's loving heart
Remembers those eventful days,
To once forget the mortal foe
She met and conquered with a blow
On ocean's wastes afar.

Her valor then rang round the globe,
Her deed the many kingdoms praised,
Her glory was the nation's boon,
Her strength dispelled the thickening gloom
That hung above the seas.

Warship of honor and renown,
A jewel in the naval host ;
The millions who have gone before,
The millions now on Freedom's shore,
Her victories have pleased.

The unborn millions yet will learn
The story of her battle deeds,
And sweetly may her glorious fame
Link with the everlasting chain
That 'round the mighty weaves.

She fell not in the strife's red hour ;
She felt the right hand of no foe,
No tempest doomed her mournful fate,
But like the valiant and the great
She falls, but not to die.

THE RIVERS OF NARRAGANSETT.

FIRST among these little rivers
That are better known in fame,
Is the placid Pettaquamscutt,
Calmly flowing to the main.

Though no wheels it turns, yet ever
Will it bring up legends* true,
That which time will fail to sever
Of the lore it passes through.

In the days when British order
Hung as chain from sea to shore,
There upon its peaceful border
Sprang a romance sad of yore.

Oft has this repeated story
Been the joy of some to tell,
And from it remains a glory
For the banks where it befell.

But toward its fountains pearly,
Mat-ta-tux-et is its name,
Destined, too, in times so early
To command a wreath in fame.

Next the Sau-ga-tuc-ket proudly
Gives a million wheels their force,
And its cataract then loudly
Sings its requiem long and hoarse.

*Beautiful Hannah Robinson.

And Chip-pu-xet from the valley
Of the woodland flows along,
And but little notice rallies
To assume a name and song.

On it flows through swamp and meadow
Till it finds Lake Worden's shore,
Then the Charles 'neath cedar shadows
Drains the lake without a roar.

The Shick-a-sheen, or Misk-i-an-za,
Winds along through wood and plain,
Doing little deeds of duty,
Adding something to our fame.

The Ash-a-way and Tom-a quay
Skim their mossy beds with glee,
The Beaver and the Es-qua-paug
And Wood river roll as free.

Each of them, a thousand shuttles
Or ten thousand spindles turn,
Till the Paw-ca-tuck's deep water
Bears them down to ocean stern,

Whose great name is also ancient,
Oft dividing towns and states,
Flows this mighty stream with patience
In its winding bed so great.

Narragansett brooks and rivers,
Useful as they flow along,
Of our wealth full half the giver,
Mighty agents deep and strong.

SAMUEL T. PERRY.

KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 12, 1864.

LONG shall I remember this sad story,
The saddest, too, of all my early life,
It was a deed to help our nation's glory,
When it was struggling on red fields of strife.

My schoolmate, Sam, had gone to war that morn-
ing,
The second time, while all the night before
His father watched him till the sky was dawning
And then said, "Sam, the clock has now struck
four."

He sprang from off the lounge and bade farewell
To father, mother, and they wept that morn;
But he so strong would not emotions tell,
And soon from dear ones was forever gone.

His mother filled with grief came to our house
And said, "Well, Dorcas, Sam has gone to war;
Poor child, I feel so bad for him, why, Rowse,
I loved that boy too well to die in war,"

And broke down deep in tears. My father stern
As man need be, went out into the barn,
And cried there like a boy. My mother, too, did
learn
The awfulness of loved ones torn from loving
arms.

I, young in years, to grief a stranger too,
Escaped the room, and hid myself away,
Until those solemn hours of morning flew,
And April's sun had reached its height of day

Six weeks had gone, when awful tidings came
That Sam had fallen on Appomattox field,
The last great struggle on the battle plain
When mad Secession finally did yield.

She came again and said, "Poor Sam is gone,
They say." My parents to console her grief
Said that before another day be born
Some better news. "But no, it's my belief,

"For 't was but yesterday I sat alone
And heard a sound fall on the chamber floor,
Then something said, 'There, Sam is gone,
He's dead, and I shall never see him more.'"

Days passed away; but grief with her had torn
Her brightest hopes away, and age, withal,
Came step by step, until her mind had worn,
And left a mental wreck o'er her proud soldier's
fall.

His home was one, while thousands, thousands
more
Shared the same fate of boys and brothers dead,
Whose "graves unknown" now rest on Southern
shore,
And for humanity's great cause had bled.

Years sweep along, and soon we all shall be
In the cold realm of unrelentless age,
And then a step out on eternity's dark sea,
Where deeds we hope will blazon every page.

ROWLAND G. HAZARD.

A SOCRATES of men,
A life of noble deeds,
A mind enriched with gems,
A country's friend in need.

He turned when Sumter's gun
Alarmed the Christian world,
For something must be done,
Or the old flag be furled.

His years for battle past,
But yet his mind was strong ;
He feared no ocean blast,
To aid the Union on.

Grand thoughts were all his life,
His record fully made ;
Bright sunset o'er the strife
Of his long pilgrimage.

His age almost could span
His glorious nation's years ;
Think when his life began,
A land like childhood's tears.

Since those young years of pain
What wondrous changes wrought.
It seems as if the brain
Of genius, man had bought.

These mighty works of art
All come within his days,
And he appeared a part
Of them, and of their ways.

His mind matured with age,
The firmaments his field ;
Each sphere for him a page,
Thought's loftiest heights revealed.

LINCOLN LEAVING ILLINOIS.

SECESSION flag was almost swung,
Her note of battle almost rung,
The enemy was great ;
The old thirteen are falling off,
The words of Washington they scoff,
When Lincoln left the state.

He 'd been called to the White House chair,
His throbbing nation's fate to care,
And be his nation's friend.
Some thought his country's life was past,
And it must go before the blast,
For who could it defend ?

Secession said he should not take
His oath to be the first of state ;
For they should bar the way ;
But Lincoln left his state the same,
Trusting in the Almighty name
That right should win the day ;

And, fearless, took his precious life
Within his hand and dared the strife.
For deep was treason's plan,
And dreadful was his country's hour,
And mighty was the slavery power,
No eye but God could scan.

It was not that old prairie team,
But 't was the steed of steel and steam
That bore him to his post.
In poverty he sought the state.
He proved to be the good and great
And sovereign of the host.

Unknown he came, beloved he went,
To guide the helm of government
Through war's tremendous storm.
They knew him not, but found him out
To be the loyal, firm, and stout,
A leader built and born.

His old white prairie team is done,
And hushed forever slavery's gun,

But long his memory be.
Ages shall pass, but ever bright
Will be the deeds he wrought for right,
Making his country free.

JOHN BRIGHT.

LET Albion blood and Celtic tongue,
In every clime rejoice ;
For England's Christian lord becomes
The praise of English voice.
For he so long the world has graced
With thoughts, the brightest to endear his race.

Not scientific thoughts, that bring
New laurels to a name ;
But thoughts beyond the thoughts of kings,
Thoughts to remove the shame
Of war's red slaughter, and no more
To wield its sceptre on enlightened shores.

All his long life of labor vast,
With mind matured and strong,
He spoke, the public to recast,
And show that war was wrong.
The last high round to royal minds
Appears unseen, so helpful to mankind.

The dreadful curse of war, the rage
Of savage men, should guide

New minds in the arising age,
 To nobler modes decide,
 Than the red havoc of a brother's life
 Most rashly slaughtered in victorious strife.

To gain some base, provoking end,
 Such not the thoughts of him,
 But spoke to be a nation's friend,
 A man, but more than king.
 His voice is hushed, but lives in hearts,
 And ages yet will his deep truths impart.

No monument is needed now
 To bear his memory on ;
 No sweeter wreath can grace his brow
 Than he has justly won ;
 No trumpet's blare need sound his praise,
 For in true hearts his monument is raised.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

WE love thy name, Napoleon,
 For one great deed of state ;
 'T was when thou set at liberty
 Our Lafayette who fought us free
 In battle-fields with Washington.

Your hand in strife was full of power,
 But yet your soul could see

The beam of justice and of right,
So often far beyond the sight
In manhood's grandest hour.

And for the honor of a land
Which lay beyond the sea,
Thou did'st do much for glory's sake,
And in return a nation takes
Pride in thy royal hand.

Thou knew'st the old, worn patriot's life
Was lovely everywhere,
The pride of Western shores to tell,
Also the pride of France as well,
Thou found him in his strife.

And for thy great humanity
Thou brok'st the prison bar,
And gave unto the world once more
The best of every land and shore,—
A friend of Liberty.

INDEPENDENCE DAYS.

HOW nobly and how good the thought
When we review Colonial days.
For millions die remembering naught
To ever give one word of praise.

But now may we reflect back on
Those rugged days when awful strife
Was raging at the nation's morn,
Demanding for their right of life.

It's well to look along the line
Where triumph and defeat did lay,
Nor bask where Trenton's glories shine,
Nor weep o'er Flatbush's dreadful day ;

Nor skip the sanguine fields of strife,
In haste the Yorktown fame to tell ;
But stop at Valley Forge, where life
With half its sorrows had befell.

One night on guard in that old glen
Would teach us what we never knew,—
The cost of war, the grief of men,
The sorrows of those suffering few.

Let's stand a moment there, and see
Where all our liberties were pent ;
Lo ! we behold that flag so free
Waving above our hero's tent.

It now appears as if that sheet
Were but a danger signal, set
Upon some ship's mast in the deep ;
Sunk down, but hope of rising yet.

We look upon it as the same
When seas of doubt and peril lay,

As did around this ship of fame
In those eventful, early days.

But presently we see arise
This sunken ship, with banner high ;
Her deck is bright with pearls of prize,
Her flag is lost in glory's sky.

Besides the pearls are coral wreaths,
All bursting forth with sweetest flowers ;
From every bud perfume does breathe
And eagles early seek the bowers.

And once more do we look again,
And at the helm is Liberty,
In health and beauty, and her name
Is woven in gems too fair to see.

The spring gales from the landward come
And brightly fleck her crimson sea,
Upon which sails our ship of Fame,
So grandly rose by heaven's decree.

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHPLACE.

WHEN summer spreads her vernal hue
O'er wilderness and field,
Who cannot praise the glorious view
Which Nature's powers reveal !

More brilliantly these views appear
In some old, life-long spot,
Where recollections are sincere,
And cannot be forgot.

Down where my mother's birthplace stands
Seems doubly dear to me ;
For there her little baby hands
Played in her girlhood glee.

Her sweet, young maidenhood, as well,
Was passed with grace and truth ;
From infancy she grew to tell
These places of her youth.

The brook, the swamp, the pond, and mill,
Her garden and the wall ;
The bank, the ditches, and the hill,
The juniper withal ;

And far beyond the maple wood
The ocean sweeps serene,
While many birds, with voices good,
Make morn and eve supreme.

This old, tall house was mother's home,
Her happiest days spent here ;
With reverence would she always come
For all its memories dear.

SPEECH OF LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF.

TO LORD DUNMORE, WHEN GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA IN
1774, UPON THE GREAT WRONG RECEIVED FROM
COLONEL CRESAP, WHO MURDERED HIS FAMILY IN
HIS ABSENCE.

“FATHER! My heart is sore indeed,
Broke down and trampled, like the weed,
With sorrow's might;
Because my wife and children dear
Were butchered, when I was not near,
In broad daylight.

“The pale face did the crime, and lo!
I am ruined by his dreadful blow,
Untimely given;
And long, dark nights have passed away
Since that afflicted, dreadful day,
When all was riven.

“No man can say but what I fed
The stranger when he asked for bread,
And used him well.
I never closed my wigwam door
Against the cold, the sick, and poor,
Such none can tell.

“Father, during the bloody war,
When havoc stalked the land afar,
I worked for peace;

I advocated strife was wrong,
I smiled to see the battle storm
On the decrease.

“My love was deep toward your race ;
I sought them, for they seemed to grace
The very land.
Long years have men, when passed my way,
Pointed my cabin out, to say,
‘There Logan stands.’

“They liked me, or they so appear ;
At least, they had no cause to fear ;
I hated wrong.
I once have helped you drive the foe,
That I might better manhood show,
And live more strong.

“But when the cruel Cresap came,
And all my joys of earth had slain,
My heart was brave.
I slaughtered till revenge no more
Was in my heart,—deeds red with gore
My right hand gave.

“I do love Peace, and do revere
Her sacred laws ; they ’re right, and dear
Unto my heart ;
But yet my hope has gone away,—
It ’s in the grave, where loved ones lay,
Ne’er to depart.

“ While Logan lives, he must live brave ;
He'll never turn, his life to save,
 From any foe ;
For no one mourns my lot to-day,
They feel not for my heart as they
 Who felt the blow.

“ My blood now runs not in a vein,
No child to mourn their father slain ;
 But Logan will
Revere his honor ; 't is his soul,—
No enemy must dare control
 This heart till still !

“ Father, when spring returns again
To green the wilderness and plain,
 No child will come
To glad the old parental roof,
No prattling word, no sign as proof,
 To cheer my home.

“ But Logan trusts the spirit land
Will there reveal my little band
 Of faces sweet. .
I look, I feel the Spirit's breath ;
It comes from shores that feel no death,—
 Realm all complete !

“ I hear his song beside the brook,
The very stars reveal his look,—
 His voice is power ;

I hear him speak amid the storm,
I see his sabre flash when drawn
In tempest's hour !

“While Logan lives, he must live brave ;
He lives his honor but to save,
As days go by.
For truth and valor are divine ;
'T was father's heritage ; it 's mine
Until I die !”

SITTING BULL.

THAT mighty warrior, Sitting Bull,
The Philip of the Western field,
Had long for war and blood been full,
Did fall, and all his nation yield.

He left his gun on winter's snow ;
His plume froze in that life blood brave ;
His knife a spoil unto the foe,
So often caused a sinless grave.

But now his hostile life breathed out,
And all his plans of savage years
Fall to the earth, yet firm and stout
Was his design, and few his fears.

But who will live to give him praise ?
Must desert winds his requiem sing,

Or hills a lone lost solo raise
Unto their wild and midnight king?

Could mercy's sacred hand been taught
To set her stars within his sphere;
Or thread the visions of his thought
With her enlightening sunbeams dear;

Great would his daring soul have been.
His deeds may vie with noble birth,
And teach the bravest of our men
To know of courage and of worth.

THE FALL OF WOLFE, SEPTEMBER 13,
1759.

SCARCE had the charge of battle made,
Scarce had old England's brave brigade
Been led upon the height,
Before their veteran chief was laid
Wounded amid the fight.

Scarce had his mighty conquering gun
E'er caused the blood of foes to run,
Or hope for conquest given,
Before the awful news had come
That Wolfe's proud breast was riven.

Scarce had his grand victorious sheet
Been long unfurled, his men to greet,
And hail for valor past,

When sorrow pales their manly cheek,
Amid the iron blast.

The beat of drum, the rush of steeds,
The falling ranks, the shell-ploughed mead,
Daunt not the British arms.
But urges yet, where battle bleeds,
With courage staunch and warm.

“How goes the strife?” the hero shouts,
With death’s grip on his bosom stout!
His colonel answers, “Well.”
Then death puts his brave life fires out,
And victory’s song doth swell.

JOHN ERICSSON.

ON THE REMOVAL OF HIS REMAINS TO SWEDEN.

COLUMBIAN hearts of honor true,
Regret the thought of parting day,
With one whose life, and genius too,
Have made their country great in fray.

Regret to think that his loved grave
Will not remain upon our shore,
But to return o’er ocean wave
Unto the mother-land which bore.

But memories sweet will cluster round
His gallant name, for centuries long,

As one the naval art did crown,
And made its mighty strength more strong.

This proud, unrivalled, giant mind,
Both spheres a legacy of worth.
His life, a gift to all mankind,
Whom genius hailed with joy at birth.

How can our bannered realm consent
To bear that dust of heroes fame!
Must chiseled rock alone give vent
To memories of his deed and name?

We love his dust, but not because
He led the strife, but gave us arms
To sooner crush the cruel war,
That was fast dealing forth its harms.

His gallant warship pushed the foe,
And swept the cloud which hung around
The bleeding cause, where mortal woe,
Was with a thousand chains borne down.

Then, son of northern seas, farewell!
Thy royal domain loves you, too,
They 'll have your tomb, but we can tell
Thy record best, for such we knew.

Your mother-land feels reverent now,
To bend above that dust so great,
But liberty will deck that brow
With gems as sweet as kings can make.

Farewell ! great naval giant, great,
And sovereign of its science long,
Both continents regard thy fate
As happy, great, eternal, strong !

Our emblem bird, from mountain crag,
Will soar across his winter skies,
And set upon that tomb his flag,
And guard it with his sovereign eyes.

Yes, wreaths from far-off freedom's strand
He 'll wear o'er oceans, cold and dark,
Wove by paternal, loving hands,
Mementoes of the patriot heart.

Firm as his royal mountains stand,
Firm as his ice and rock-bound coast,
So will his deeds and fame command
Unshaken reverence of our host.

OUR FLAG.

THE stars and stripes mean much,
When floating in the air ;
No traitor hand must touch,
For in those folds is life,
'T was born in battle strife.

Those stars that grace the sheet,
Each represent a state

That might a kingdom meet,
The grand old flag of yore,
The glory of our shore.

It waves to-day, more strong,
With giant greatness stands,
It must not wave o'er wrong,
As it has in the past,
When slavery's power was vast.

This flag must never lie,
'T was born with honest blood.
The mighty Lord on high
Was in the plan that gave,
And caused the flag to wave.

'T was bought, and giv'n by them
Who died upon the plain,
Our stalwart Christian men
Who loved the cause of right,
And for it they did fight.

This flag we love to-day,
Was with them when they fell,
It waved above the fray,
The victors bore it off,
And woe to them that scoff.

The time, the day is here,
Its victories are known ;
Established, far and near,

For peace, for truth and right,
And every good unite.

Its glory is its own,
It has no debt to pay,
From infancy it's grown
To be the banner sheet
Of hemisphere and deep.

It cannot be pulled down,
The continent says, "No."
It has an honest crown
To keep, it is the pride
Of earth, and heaven beside.

The flag our strength and joy,
Our glory and our power.
It waves not to destroy,
But makes our homes so free
That stretch from sea to sea.

AT GENERAL SHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

THE Union folds were swinging low,
His caisson car was moving slow ;
The dirge of war was heard,
And millions, with a look downcast,
Were surging like an ocean vast,
With hearts the deepest stirred.

But o'er the multitude of men
They heard a bugle strain
Peal forth the story, o'er again,
Which lives so bright in fame.
It was the anthem of the free,
Of Sherman Marching to the Sea.

The fortress lit with cannon's flame,
The navy shook the neighboring main,
The city realm ajar
With sword in sheath, with banners torn,
By veterans of his battles borne,
Of dark, rebellious war.
But lo! above the tumult's din,
A tender voice, remote,
Brought in that sainted battle hymn
Of brilliant, stirring note,—
That hymn long sainted, yet to be,
Of Sherman Marching to the Sea.

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND AT THE
CLOSE OF THE WAR, APRIL 4, 1865.

THE gun in deep secession's hand was hushed,
The spirit of the stricken South was sore,
And great, rebellious capital was crushed,
And torn her gates, and stained her walls with gore,
When Freedom's blessed son came in,—
Not as conqueror, nor as king,
But meek and soft in mind.

For brother's heart was bleeding there,—
Their sins had found them, and they fell.
The gaze of Justice, and of Mercy's tear,
Was lost to them that day, to either love or fear.

The sword of mighty Lee, so stern and brave,
Was sheathed inglorious on Potomac's bank;
A few more suns, and that old hero gave
It in surrender to the immortal Grant;
His banners, which waved o'er the gates,
Were down as the decree of Fate,—
Doomed never more to rise!
The broken bugle and the wheel,
The long-worn musket and the plume,
Were in the wreckage on the imprisoned streets,
While sorrow's impress marks whatever objects
meets.

Lincoln the great, from boyhood to his death,
Whom God raised up the Nation's fate to wield,
And had for four long years, with bated breath,
Given all the movements, both in state and field;
And when he knew secession's arms
Were wearied down with war's alarms,
His own pure heart was touched.
But when he saw the enthralldomed race
Kneel at his feet, with streaming eyes,
To thank him for their freedom day, this prayer
Must his heart have upborne, sure the Great God
was there!

Ten thousand freedmen, reaching out their hands,
Ten thousand women, helpless on the streets,
While hungry children cluster where he stands,
To give their great deliverer heart-felt greet.

But over all the sorrows there,—

The death, the waste, the need of care,—

One little act was done :

The great Emancipator stooped and took
A slave child in his arms, and with a glance
Mingled with smiles, for then high heaven did see,
And kissed its cheek in God's behalf and Liberty.

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